

AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE

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Independence.

Offered as Cup Defender by Thomas W. Lawson.

—“*Lawson, of Boston.*”—p. 19.

AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE

VOL. VIII.

AUGUST, 1901.

No. 1

THE WONDERS OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

By EUGENE WOOD

SO illustrious were the last years of the nineteenth century in discovery along every line of man's endeavor that many have taken it in hand to set forth the wonders of Science, finding a certain fascination in the assurance that, vast as is the domain of human knowledge, compared with what remains to learn, it is pitifully small, and, compared with what it is impossible that we shall ever learn, it is infinitesimal.

On the other hand, few have undertaken to celebrate the wonders of Christian Science, which presents the equally fascinating conclusion that all this painfully-acquired learning is as the chaff which the wind driveth away, and that true knowledge and understanding, the secrets of the universe, in fact, are contained in one book of 659 pages, for sale in the cheapest binding, postage fully prepaid, for \$3.18. A Bible of the same style of binding and type, but with 1,200 pages, retails for fifty cents at the American Bible Society.

Most people believe themselves to possess a pretty fair notion of what Christian Science is, and are half convinced of its truth to begin with. We all know the power of mind over matter. For instance: The matches are out in the kitchen, and I am in the dining-room and want a light. Now, if I just concentrate my will power on the box of matches in the kitchen and command it to come to me—— Well, perhaps that's not a good illustration, but you know what I mean. It is generally conceded that there are some kinds of hysterical and functional disorders in which, if at the critical moment the patient receives a strong mental stimulus and resolves to get well, there are recoveries that seem miraculous. Yes, the regular

physicians know about that, and some have hinted that the homeopaths could make a few remarks on the subject if they were so disposed; the patent medicine men and the people that make galvanic belts, and those tin cans that you put in water and tie with a string to your ankle, would all starve to death if this were not so, and vitapaths, Schlatters, magnetic healers, Faith-curists and all their tribe rely on it confidently.

But Christian Science is not merely getting along without a doctor; it is a philosophy, an answer to the riddle of the universe. In all other systems of healing, disease is recognized. Practitioners try to get the best of it, more or less by the aid of the patient's will power and auto-suggestion. Christian Science denies that there is such a thing as disease. If a boy stubs his toe against a stone, not only is his pain an illusion, but his toe does not really exist, and a stone is impossible to conceive. It all seems very real to the boy, but that is simply his "mortal mind." The Reverend Mary Morse Baker Glover Patterson Eddy, Discoverer and Founder of Christian Science, says: "The material senses testify falsely." In Christian Science there is nothing but God. The "Scientific Statement of Being," as ordained to be read in the church services immediately before the benediction is:

"There is no life, truth, intelligence or substance in matter. All is infinite Mind and its infinite manifestation for God is all in all. Spirit is immortal Truth; matter is mortal error, spirit is the real and eternal; matter is the unreal and temporal. Spirit is God, and Man is his image and likeness; hence man is spiritual and not material."

Now, in case you do not quite grasp this, I will quote another statement of Mother's

which is so constructed that it is just as true backwards as it is forwards:

- (1) "God is All in all.
- (2) "God is Good. God is Mind.
- (3) "God, Spirit being all, nothing is matter.
- (4) "Life, God, Omnipotent Good deny death, evil, sin, disease. Disease, sin, evil, death deny Good Omnipotent God, Life."

Quite clear now? It may seem to sound a little like riding to a fire, but you must remember that to make a great philosophical truth read the same backwards and forwards is a tolerable severe test to put literature to. Still, I think it is quite plain that it effectually disposes of stone, pain and toe, and I am not sure but the boy, too. If it could be read sidewise I know it would.

There being nothing in the universe but God, it is evident that there can be nothing unpleasant, like sin, sickness or death. We just think there is, that's all. The etymologists are all agreed that the word "God" is not in any way derived from the word "good." They don't know what it is derived from, but they are absolutely sure that it cannot be from "good." But Mrs. Eddy knows better, and confidently asserts that, "God is only the word 'good' made shorter." Well, then, "God being all in all, what can there be more? Nothing; and that is just what I call matter, nothing." Everything being good, there can be nothing bad. "God knows no such thing as sin." And again: "Destroy the mental sense of disease and the disease itself disappears. Destroy the sense of sin and sin itself disappears. . . . Every disease is an invention of man and has no real identity in wisdom."

As to the non-existence of death, Mother says: "Is it unchristian to believe that there is no death? Not unless it be a sin to believe that God is life and All-in-all. Death is error opposed to truth. It is unchristian to believe in the transition called *material death*, since matter has no life and such misbelief must enthrone another error." But it is sometimes wiser to leave the door a little on the jar than to lock it and throw the key away, so she adds: "To say that you and I as mortals will not enter this dark shadow of material sense called death is to assert what we *have* not proved." (The italics here and in every other quotation from her writings that I shall make are hers.)

This is not the place to inquire whether a philosophy that teaches that there is no such thing as sin in the world; that teaches that, since there is no pain, the Crucified One was

merely shamming; that denies the Resurrection, since there is no death; that denies that God is personal and says: "If we pray to God as a person this will prevent us letting go the human doubts and fears that attend all personalities"—this, I say, is not the place to inquire if it may rightly be called "Christian." Whether it is "science" or not I must leave to you.

Having thus briefly premised what the doctrine is, let me turn to the exposition of its wonders, among which I shrink not from proclaiming the first names of its practitioners to be worthy of place. Being mostly women, there is a heavy percentage of Lizzies and Minnies and Lulus. Imagine Herbie Spencer and Tommie Huxley and Iky Newton and Willie Gladstone and Dordie Washington. But more significant are the serious names of which I cull a few, hoping that long after this article shall have passed into oblivion, the following paragraph may be preserved by loving parents who want to call the baby something pretty.

To such I commend: Zebuline, Sarelida J. (I wonder what the J. stands for), Ladora D., Mintie T., Perlita, Alevia, Lovina, Rella, Amorette, Willietta, Agga, Alwilda, Orrilla—Idella, Isophene—sounds like a coal-tar compound—Mary Obinna, Amasa Irajah, and Angenora. Aren't those nice names? There are plenty more in the list almost as fine.

I regret to state that I cannot conscientiously advise any one to attend Christian Science services on a Sunday. Anything more deadly dull it is impossible for the human mind to conceive of. Sermons are forbidden except on occasions like the laying of corner-stones. The first and second readers drone and stumble antiphonally through prescribed selections from the Bible and "our textbook, Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures, by Rev. Mary Baker G. Eddy," a form of words which is rubrical and must accompany every allusion or quotation. The First and Second Readers seem to be so named from the primary nature of their education. Their elocution recalls: "Ann, how old are you? Are you but six? Why, I am ten."

Avoid the Sunday services as you would the adder fanged. But never miss a chance to attend the Wednesday evening experience meetings. It is canonically forbidden to take up a collection then, which I think a great mistake. It is worth a dollar of any man's money to be present. It is there that the wonders of Christian Science are shown.



Stebbins photo.

Mother Church of Christ Scientist, at Boston.

I will try to give an idea of what a Wednesday evening meeting is like.

There are hymns (by the way, the hymn-book containing 191 pieces, sells for \$1.15 in the cheapest form) and readings, and then there is prayer, which consists solely, as far as I can see, of poking your fingers into your eyes and holding your hand over your nose. Then, "the meeting is now in your hands." Usually some old fellow with white whiskers gets up in the "Amen corner" and sighs and you think he is going to begin: "Feller sinners and dyun friends-ah. It's ben forty year come the twenty-seventh o' next Jinnawary, sence down in Hanks' school-house I began to seek religion." But it is nothing so wholesome and sensible as that. I can't make out what he is driving at. I

can get some sense out of Weissmann and Herbert Spencer, and Huxley is pie, but I can't make head or tail of his "exhorting." Then a woman with upper and lower sets of store teeth and a tendency to talk like a cistern and to r-r-r-roll her r's, particularly in the word "Terruth," tells how she was cured of rheumatism after having suffered with it continuously for twenty-five years. Then she is followed by Lester. Lester has eyes that are all pupil, and he wears a red necktie. Before he came into Science he was a terror. He used to smoke three and sometimes four cigars a day, and had beer with his lunch. Now he never even thinks of tobacco or drink. Like Joe Bowers in the old song, he has a brother Bill. Willie was a first-class traveling salesman, but he would



Stebbins photo.

Parlor in the Mother Church, Boston.

The stained glass window on the left is the famous "Eddy window."

drink, and the result was that he got so he could not hold a job, and had to go back home up country, and drive a grocery wagon.

"About a year ago," says Lester, "yes, just about a year ago, or it might have been a month or two later, I won't be sure, but it seems to me it was about that time, I went back up home. Willie met me at the depot and he says 'Lester,' he says, 'you're looking fine.'

"Well, Willie," I says, 'I'm feeling fine.'

"Two or three times he says to me, 'Lester,' he says, 'you're looking fine,' and I says to him, 'Well, Willie, I'm feeling fine. Willie,' I says, 'are you drinking much these days?' I says. 'Well, no,' he says, 'not to hurt me any,' he says. 'Course,' he says, 'I take a drink now and again when I feel like it,' he says. 'Well, now, looky here,' I says to him, 'why don't you quit it?' I told him. Well, to make a long story short, I took and read to him from our textbook Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures, by Reverend Mary Baker G. Eddy while he was hitching up the horse, and I rode around town with

him while he was taking orders and delivering and read to him some more, and it seemed to do him good. So I got him to buy a copy of the book. Well, now, to show you what Science will do for a man, a couple of months ago, his wife came down to Brooklyn to visit us and I says to her, 'Lizzie,' I says, 'how's Willie getting along?' 'Oh, all right,' says she, 'he's still driving for Hunter.' 'Is he drinking any?' I says. 'Not a drop,' she says, and says she, 'Oh, Willie's got a will of his own and when he makes up his mind to quit he'll quit,' she says. She thought it was his will, but, friends, you and I know it was Science."

Then a lady testifies that while she was in the dentist's chair having some teeth filled (Mrs. Eddy says in her book that Christian Science is particularly useful in dentistry in combating the error that pain is in the bone of the tooth) the instrument slipped and cut the inside of her cheek terribly, that is "to sense," but she demonstrated and wouldn't take any water to wash her mouth and the dentist thought it was wonderful she had such courage, but she told him it was Chris-

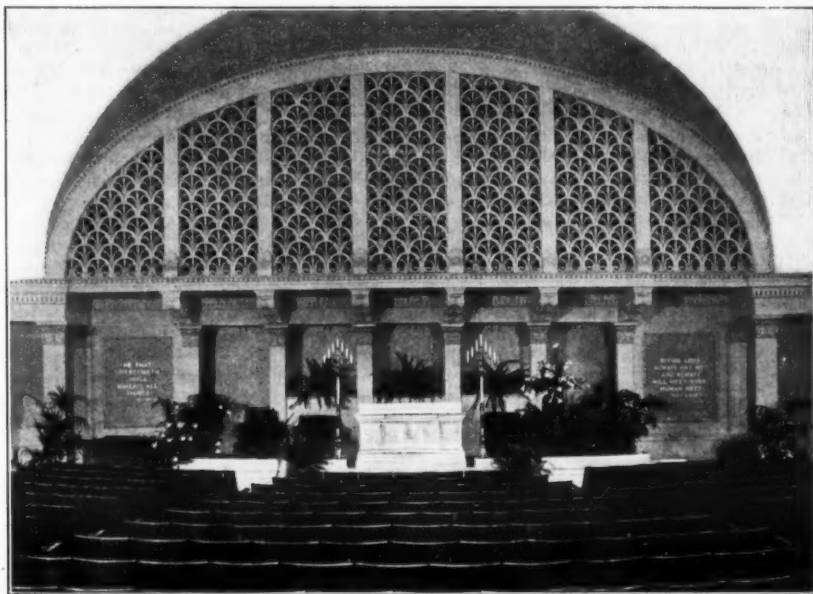
tian Science that sustained her and, do you know, the cut was all well in *two days!*

A young man arises to say that before he came into Science he had a "claim" of typhoid fever for five months and the "*materia medica* doctors" thought it was malaria. For three weeks he was walking about with his temperature never below 102 degrees, and sometimes up to 105. That was *materia medica* for you. Well, only last week a friend came back from the country with such a strong "claim" of typhoid that they thought he would not live to get home. Under Scientific treatment he got well in *three days!* To prove it, he holds a piece of paper in his hand, which he says is a letter from a "*materia medica* doctor" asserting that it was a well-marked case of typhoid.

A woman gets up and tells how her six-months-old baby had a "claim" of summer complaint that resisted obstinately all her demonstrations, though she read "our textbook Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures, by Reverend Mary Baker G. Eddy," to it night and day. So she had to come home from the country with it, carrying it on a pillow it was so reduced in flesh "to sense perceptions"; and the train

stopped at a junction, and her nurse-girl got out with the two other children to see if they couldn't get something to eat and they were gone so long she was afraid they'd get left if she didn't go after them, and so she asked a lady across the aisle if she wouldn't please hold the baby while she went out to look for the nurse-maid and the other two children, and the lady said no. She told the lady she would only be gone a moment, and the lady said she didn't doubt it, but the baby looked as if it might die any minute, and she didn't feel like taking the responsibility. So she held truth in thought, and the nurse-girl and the children got back just before the train started, and when she reached home there was much "opposing thought" and strong representations that she ought to get a "*materia medica* doctor," but she kept on demonstrating, and now the child is quite well. And just to show you, last summer her youngest baby was taken in precisely the same way, and she allowed herself to be overpowered by "opposing thought" and called in a "*materia medica*" and the baby died.

Another woman testifies that her little girl had a claim of diphtheria, but she denied



Taylor photo.

Interior of the Second Church of Christ Scientist, in Chicago.

On one side of the reader's desk, the panel bears a quotation from the Scriptures; on the other the panel bears a quotation from "Science and Health."

error for her and took her to a children's party, and the next day the claim had disappeared.

Cannot that be truly called a wonder of Christian Science? And how happy the parents of the other children must have felt when they learned of this marvelous demonstration! Perhaps you think the Klebs-Loeffler bacilli in a diphtheritic throat cannot be "shooed" away by talking to them, as one "shoos" chickens off the back porch. Listen to this lady's testimony:

"I am thankful to our dear Mother for the wonderful concepts of Science even more than for healing, though I was healed of pneumonia, heart disease, dyspepsia, rheumatism and worms."

Aren't they bigger than bacilli? Perhaps you have gross materialistic notions about intestinal parasites; I know the ignorant and besotted Encyclopaedia Britannica has, but Mrs. Eddy declares this, which cannot fail to be of interest to every mother: "Your child can have worms if you say so or whatever malady is timorously holden in your mind relative to the body." (I bespeak your kind attention to the chaste beauty of the word "holden.") This also deserves the attention of parents and guardians: "The daily ablutions of an infant are no more natural and necessary than it would be to take a fish out of water once a day and cover it with dirt in order to make it thrive more vigorously thereafter in its native element."

In this connection it may be proper to state that Mrs. Eddy's son George, by her first husband, Colonel Glover, was taken away from her by his people and she was not allowed to see him for thirty years. I wonder why.

Don't Christian Scientists ever bathe? I am sure I don't know. "To sense" they appear to be acquainted with soap and water, but Mother says: "Bathing and rubbing to alter the secretions or remove unhealthy exhalations from the cuticle receive a useful rebuke from Christian Healing. We must beware of making clean the outside of the platter only. A hint may be taken from the Irish emigrant whose filth does not affect his happiness." That last sentence is what might be called "tactful."

Some try to make themselves healthy by exercise. How silly! "It is foolish to suppose that it is exercise that increases the muscles of a blacksmith's arm, for if that were so the hammer which takes just as much exercise would grow, too."

But to get back to the experience meeting. It must be confessed that most of the wonders of Christian Science there exhibited are children's size on an AA last, but the First Reader always winds up the meeting with a No. 11 man's size. Like this:

"Scientists must not lay too much stress upon instantaneous demonstrations. I knew a gentleman in Boston who had a clubfoot. He was born with it. The *materia medica* doctors had all given up the case. They could do nothing for him. He came into Science and derived great spiritual benefit, although to sense perception his foot was not healed. He kept on demonstrating, though, for seven years. At the end of that time he went to bed one night, with his foot deformed as usual and the next morning when he awoke it was as perfectly formed as his other foot."

Names? Addresses? Dates? Sworn affidavits from disinterested witnesses? Oh, no. Never. Not in Christian Science. In the common or garden Science perhaps yes, but not in Christian Science.

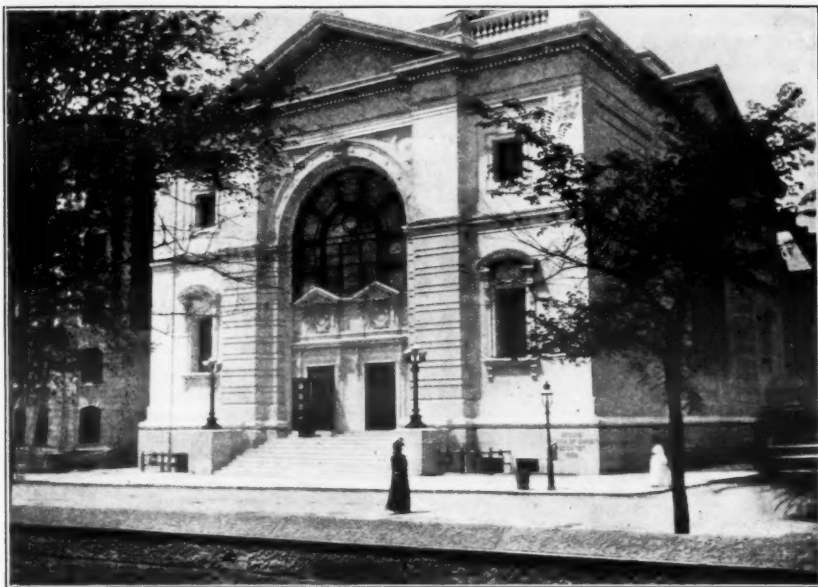
Here is another No. 11:

"Members will be glad to know that the gentleman who sang, 'Mother's Evening Prayer,' for us so beautifully last Sunday evening had a wonderful demonstration in his own experience. Before he came into Science he used to have a great deal of trouble with his throat, and to cure it, a *materia medica* doctor cut out his entire vocal cords. When he came into Science they grew in again. He has now no trouble with his throat, and what perfect control he has over his new vocal cords those who have heard him sing can testify."

I ventured to doubt this in the hearing of a Scientist who takes vocal lessons, but she stood me down that it was so, and cited the case of a man she knew whose finger, accidentally cut off years before, sprouted anew and grew to perfection under Scientific treatment.

"Why not?" she asked, seeing me even more doubtful than before. "Can't lobsters grow new claws?" To some the difference between a human being and a lobster seems not to be great.

The miracles that Mrs. Mary Morse Baker Glover Patterson Eddy herself has wrought, are they not written down in Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures? Some may have their preferences for the cure of cancer and the complete restoration, within one hour, of the flesh which had been eaten away until the carotid artery was ex-



Second Church of Christ Scientist, Central Park West, New York.

posed like a cord, but myself I care more for a testimonial of L. C. Edgecombe, signed and dated in 1873, and declaring that "as soon as Mrs. Eddy came in the house" he began to get better of whatever malady it was that ailed him, I forget what. The interesting part is that though he dates his letter 1873, Mother did not become Mrs. Eddy until 1877. She was Mrs. Patterson when Mr. Edgecombe wrote the testimonial.

But now that "the author of the textbook of Christian Science no longer receives patients or answers letters pertaining to healing," we must look for freshly gathered wonders to the department headed "Notes from the Field," in the *Christian Science Journal*. This department fairly hops with sensational accounts of instantaneous cures of consumption, broken legs, neuralgia, peritonitis, the morphine habit, typhoid fever, epilepsy, smallpox, scarlet fever, dyspepsia, so acute that the patient had not drunk a mouthful of water in three years—in short, every ill that flesh is heir to. In each case the doctors had given up. They couldn't do any good, and it was no use their trying. Sometimes the sick person got well by having Science and Health put under her pillow, and sometimes it took longer. One man lost the pain of rheumatism in

three weeks, though the limp hung on for ten weeks longer. The note of absolute accuracy and meticulous adherence to the bald fact is sounded throughout as, for example, in the case reported by Mrs. W. L. Scott of Riverside, California, where she writes: "The doctor saying her blood had turned to water." How many, many times you hear a physician use those very words! Experience has taught him that in sickness the blood turns to water, just as experience has taught us that a horsehair left in a puddle will turn into a snake, and that if you kill a toad your cow will give bloody milk.

When Walter Harris, of San Gabriel, California, declares that he was "cured of being an atheist," after having "exhausted several physicians' skill and numberless material remedies from the fat of a whale's ear to common salt," it seems amazing to me, but perfectly convincing because I happen to know that the fat of a whale's ear has been from time immemorial the mainstay of the medical profession in cases of acute atheism. When Mrs. Emily Morey, of Rural, Wisconsin, bears witness that her husband had had a claim of epilepsy for twenty-seven years so that she could not even smack one of the children without his flopping all over the kitchen floor in a fit, the picture is so life-

like in its local color that I believe her when she says that since that one Christian Science treatment on August 30, 1899, he has not taken a single solitary fit. Only, I wonder if she still smacks the children now that she has learned that pain is only an illusion of "mortal mind."

If healing diseases in human beings without knowing the first thing about anatomy and physiology were all that Christian Science could do it would be in no way superior to the Faith-cure, for I have attended the meetings at Mt. Zion Sanctuary in Greenville, New Jersey, and the testimonies to be heard there are just as powerful. One man's was even more so, for after telling how he had been cured of dyspepsia, he closed by shouting: "And now, glory to God! I kin eat all kinds of green trash, and it never fazes me!"

But in Christian Science it isn't only the M. D.'s that are threatened. Let the veterinaries look out for themselves. May L. Wallace, of Jefferson, Colorado, has had "several good demonstrations with animals, having healed horses of strained kidneys and colic several times when they were in intense pain. I also healed a horse where the muscles of both the hind and front legs had been laid open by barbed wire, and it

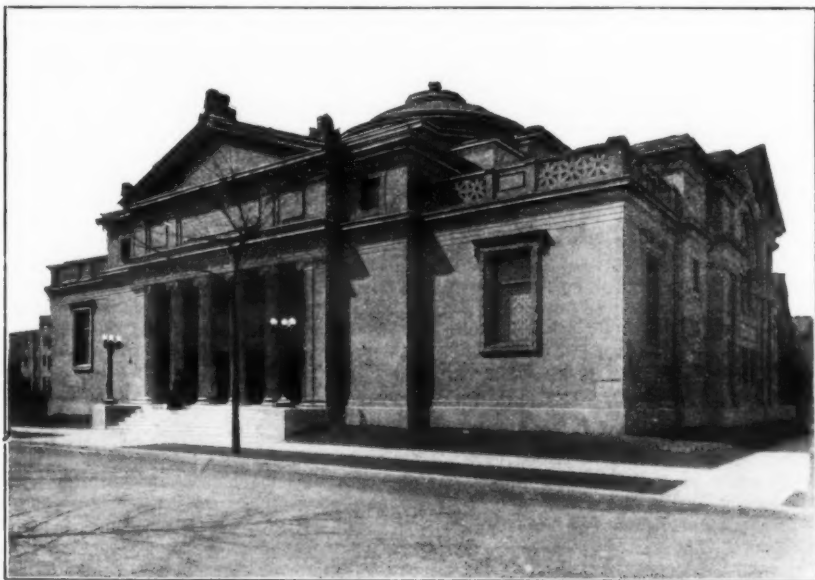
was thought he would never be of any more use."

Mrs. A. P. S., of Bradshaw, Nebraska, testifies: "My husband gave me two lambs to treat. One was blind, and the other acted as though it were crazy. He had thought of killing them to get them out of their misery. I treated them and they were forgotten for some time, when, one day, I asked him about them, and he said they were all right. I have had other demonstrations as good as this and some failures."

I don't doubt it in the least. "He said they were all right." I can hear him say it.

I myself personally know—now this is a matter of my own experience—that a woman said she cured a dog of mange and a cat of fits just by Christian Science. Some may pooh-pooh this, but I know for a certainty that she told me she did.

But it isn't the M. D.'s and the veterinaries and the dog doctors that need to look out for Christian Science. What's to become of the florists if drooping and withered rubber-plants can be restored to vigor merely by reading "our textbook, etc.," to them? Plenty of well-authenticated cases of that. What's to become of organ-builders, repairers and tuners if church organs can be fixed all right simply by denying error,



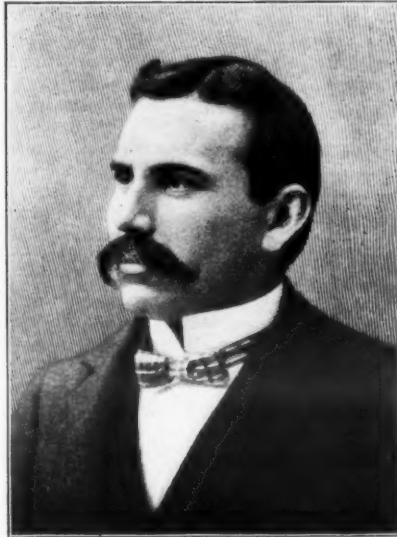
Taylor photo.

Second Church of Christ Scientist in Chicago.

as Mrs. Augusta B. Stetson, First Reader of the First Church of Christ Scientist, New York, says they can? What's to become of machinists and manufacturers of printing-presses if a Washington, D. C., Scientist solely by holding truth in thought and without the adventitious aid of even a monkey wrench, can make as good as new an old rattle-trap of a printing press that spilled a double handful of type at every revolution? What's to become of the Stonecutters' and Marbleworkers' Union if rank outsiders that pay no dues and use no chisels can remove the wrong words from a block of marble and put the right ones on simply by thinking about it, as in the case of the corner-stone of the Second Church of Christ Scientist, New York, a structure of palatial magnificence? What is the use of spending money for costly steam fire-engines, the salaries of a fire department and its up-keep, when, as in a recent case in Havana, Cuba, certified by the well-known logician and thinker, Mr. H. J. W. Dam, all that was necessary to extinguish a pool of flaming kerosene running from the oil-stove on the kitchen floor, the doorframes blazing and snapping in the fervent heat, was to stand and look at it and "try" to demonstrate, and instantly the fire went black out?

The end of wonders is not come. Christian Science is young yet, but its Discoverer and Founder, who has been well named, "the Lydia Pinkham of the soul," has promised that, when it is a little older, population will be kept up in a different and more spiritual manner than the one now in vogue.

It must be admitted that there are occasional instances where Science, at least "to sense perception," seems to slip up. For example, although Mrs. Stetson is perfectly



Thomson photo.

Alfreda Farlow.

Head of the Publication Bureau of the Church of Christ Scientist at Boston. Mr. Farlow is believed to have been selected by Mother Eddy to be her successor as head of the Church.

able to tune a trumpet stop and make a "ciphering" organ key behave itself by denying error, she has an invalid husband and a bed-ridden mother tucked away at the top of her house that she cannot cure. "Science and Health" is one solid chunk of wisdom from cover to cover, but it doesn't say anything against getting off a street car backward and holding onto the handle, so when Mrs. Pamela J. Leonard, First Reader of the First Church of Christ Scientist, Brooklyn, did that she came down hard on the rails and pavement. Her demonstration of

truth was sufficient to deny the error of pain, but not enough to confute the black eye and swollen cheek that she exhibited to "mortal mind" and her congregation for some time. A girl in Newark, New Jersey, took Rough on Rats and Mrs. Anna A. Van Houten was called in to deny error. She denied it strenuously, but the girl died, and Mrs. Van Houten got into trouble for not calling a *materia medica* doctor with a stomach pump. She got out of it all right. This is a free country, and if it is your religion as well as your business to keep people that have taken poison from having it pumped out, the law cannot touch you.

I will explain to you why arsenic, which is matter and consequently does not exist, is so bad for the health, when taken in large quantities. "Mortal mind" has so long and so persistently ascribed toxic power to this phantom that it is hard to counteract it. And here is a neat problem and its solution: Supposing a chemist separates a new substance, say one of the coal-tar products, for the first time in history. Nobody has ever seen it before. The chemist has no notion of how it will act or whether it has any effect at all on the human system. It may be a stimulant, it may be a hypnotic, it may be a deadly poison. He doesn't know, and

nobody else knows. He hides it in a piece of meat and gives it to a dog. The dog does not suspect that he has taken it. The operation of mind is thus entirely excluded. Something happens to the dog. Now, what causes that effect?

"Mortal mind," I am assured by Scientists. The chemist must have thought something would happen or he wouldn't have given it to the dog.

What are you going to do with people like that?

In Science "mortal mind" takes the place of Satan. If it is possible for well-disposed persons to heal sickness, it is equally possible for evil-disposed persons to cause sickness in healthy enemies by affirming error against them. This low-down trick is repeatedly mentioned in "Science and Health," by the name of "mental malpractice," each time with severe condemnation and once "mental trespass" is coupled with a text of Scripture denouncing various sins, among them "witchcraft," the word being emphasized in this connection by capital letters.

When the last of Mother's husbands died—there is a dispute as to how many she has had; some say three, some say five—when Mr. Eddy died, the autopsy showed that he had valvular disease of the heart of long standing, but Mrs. Eddy declared his death was the result of arsenical poisoning "mentally administered."

In her Miscellaneous Writings, she says: "The report that I was dead arose, no doubt, from the combined efforts of some malignant students, expelled from my college for immorality, to kill me. Of their mental design to do this I have proof, but no fear." How could these students be guilty of "immorality" when even "God is not conscious of evil?" This is a question, as Carol Norton, C. S. D., said of the one W. A. Purrington asked him: "What would you do in case of a severed artery?" that I think may be "shelved." But the fact remains that Mrs. Eddy teaches, and thousands of people, such as Mrs. Conger, the wife of the Minister to China, the Countess of Dunmore and Lady Mildred Murray, rich people, educated people, influential people, believe that it is possible to kill a man by thought, by "mental malpractice." This is not Hawaii, with its Kahunas that pray an enemy to death, or Central Africa, with its gri-gri men, or Hayti, with its Obi men, or Greenland, with its angekoks; it is not Salem in witchcraft days. It is New York in the first year of the twentieth century, and

these doctrines are taught in splendid temples glowing with electric lights.

Mere killing is not the worst possible for "mortal mind." When Mrs. Eddy's Metaphysical College was in full blast in Boston she had some of the spinster students crazy with fear lest degradation and shame worse than death should befall them by the "mental trespass" of evil-disposed men they might meet in the street. I do not wish to speak too plainly of some features of Christian Science. It may be enough to print one of Mrs. Eddy's many *obiter dicta* on the sex relations. In response to the question: "Is marriage nearer right than celibacy?" she answers, "Human knowledge inculcates that it is, while Science indicates that it is not." It is not necessary to eat all of an egg to know what it is like. When you remember that Christian Science denies that sin exists, it is perhaps needless to say more. "Destroy the sense of sin and sin itself disappears." Does it?

Another wonder of Christian Science is the unabashed way in which its Founder and Discoverer vaunts it as a means of making "comfortable fortunes by healing mankind morally, physically and spiritually." Mrs. Eddy herself is reported to be a millionaire now. In 1867 she was trapesing about, lecturing in town halls in Maine on "Christian Mind-healing as exemplified by the late P. P. Quimby." Every publication of Christian Science costs from twice to three times as much as better-made books sell for. When she was running that Metaphysical College in Boston, "Providence impelled" her to charge \$300 for a course of twelve half days' instruction in "Mind-healing." The course lasted barely three weeks, at the end of which time persons with no other training than reading the Bible and Science and Health were let loose on the community with diplomas showing that they were "doctors." Afterward, when 300 pupils were "clamoring for admission" she closed the college. Why did she refuse to take in \$90,000 every three weeks? Because she had "conscientious scruples concerning diplomas." It is probably a mere coincidence that the Massachusetts authorities began to have the same scruples about the same time. The fact that for years Mrs. Eddy has been careful not to set foot in that state except on a Sunday is probably also a mere coincidence.

Now, if a *materia medica* doctor invents any useful appliance in surgery or discovers a new method of treating disease, he may

not patent it or reserve it to his own use. He is bound to give it to his colleagues or be cast out of their fellowship. But Mrs. Eddy never ceases to assert her sole ownership of Christian Science, lock, stock and barrel. She says, "If you should print or publish your copy of my works you would be liable to arrest for infringement of copyright, which the law defines and punishes as theft." Of course, the law does nothing of the kind. She is, as she says, "hopelessly original."

It is quite in line with the wonderful leading of "Providence" to charge \$300 for three weeks' instruction, that she should lay down this principle of practice: "Christian Science demonstrates that the patient who pays whatever he is able to pay for being healed is more apt to recover than he who withholds a slight equivalent for health." That is to say, the cure depends upon the size of the fee; what the traffic will bear.

It was left, not to Tom Paine, or Voltaire, certainly not to the late Colonel Ingersoll, but to the representative of a *soi-disant* Science that calls itself Christian to give us this picture:

"From the fact that Judas carried the bag we are led to believe that a regular charge was made from those who had benefited by miracles."

What? Do they teach that Jesus was a mountebank showman, passing the hat and haggling with the widow of Nain for a fee for restoring her only son to life?

It is my opinion that they are more truly disciples of Gehazi and Simon the sorcerer, than of that gentle soul that walked the hills of Palestine, doing good to the poor and broken-hearted. Christ said: "The poor have the gospel preached to them"—but Christian Science preaches its gospel only to the rich. It has not one mission among the tenements, and though their holdings are estimated at \$12,000,000 in the United States they have not one free dispensary to the poor. Not one.

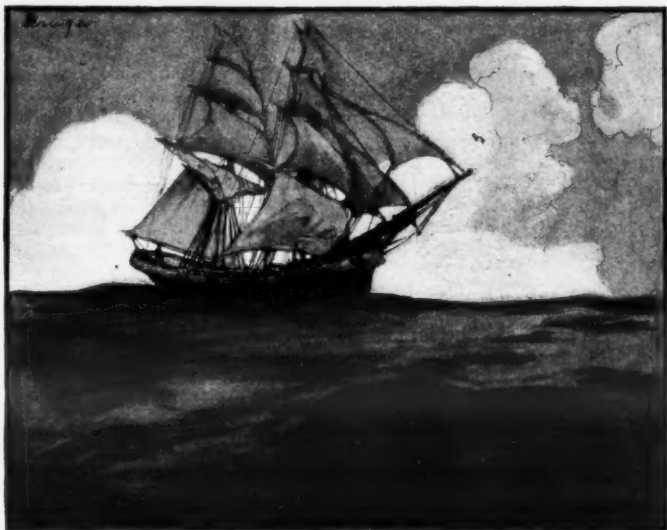
In the year 1895 when the population of Manhattan Island was 1,800,000, the records of hospitals and free dispensaries show that 793,000 cases were treated absolutely free of charge. We all know how many poor people every physician attends out of charity and makes no note of, but did

you ever know a humbug to work for nothing?

I said a while ago that Christian Science sometimes fails to cure. The papers are full of reports every day where deaths occur under the treatment of "healers" when intelligence and medical skill might have saved life, but the courts protect the "healers." Some persons advocate a law, not forbidding Christian Scientists to pray or read or give absent or present treatment, but requiring them to pass an examination in anatomy, physiology and pathology before being certified to practice. As it is now, children may and do set up to be Christian Science healers.

I don't know. Sometimes I think it is a waste of time trying to legislate sense into people. Ephraim is joined to idols; let him alone. If folks believe that words will counteract swallowed poison, why the world is pretty well cluttered up with fools, anyhow, and we could spare a few as well as not. But then, again, when it comes to turning over poor, little innocent children to the tender mercies of healers that make medical ignorance the basis of their system, I don't know about it. When I see, as I have seen, the photograph of a little girl's foot after it had been treated by a Christian Science healer till the flesh had all gangrened and sloughed away, exposing the ankle-bone; when I read of babies tossing in deathly agony that any physician could control, parched with fever, choking with diphtheria, while those devils sit by and, for the sake of a fee, let the poor little things die before their eyes without lifting a finger to save them, something in my bosom swells and burns, something makes me grit my teeth and clench my fist.

Oh, well, what's the use? I suppose it is all for the best. That is the way the human race has to progress, every step with bitter pain. But if a few hundred more children perish as martyrs to Christian Science when medical science could have saved them, the movement will doubtless die out as quickly as it has arisen. Mrs. Eddy must be past seventy now, though her birthday, as well as many other interesting facts of her life are omitted in her autobiography. When she dies schism will rend the sect into fragments. I give it ten years to be as dead as Theosophy.



The Ghosts of the Brig.

By COLIN McKAY

THE Boston brig, *Mayflower*, was a ramshackle old craft. Her high poop, sheer-ing prow and stumpy spars reminded one of Vanderdecken's phantom ship. When she left Rosario in Argentine, bound down the river to Montevideo to finish loading hides for home, I was second mate of her. Of course, the first night out I was considerably under the weather and hardly know how I managed to stand my watch.

At seven bells in the morning I was roused by a fracas on deck. The captain was vehemently exhausting all the sulphurous combinations in the lingua-Franca of the high seas. Incidentally, he was accusing the sailors of looting the cook's galley during the night.

"No, sir; 'tweren't us," chorused the six shellbacks.

When the captain paused for breath one rascal remarked.

"It must ha' been the ghosts, sir."

At that the old man turned on his heel and went below.

The sailors, holding on to their sides, ran forward to the fo'castle.

The cook declared himself, vigorously, incoherently, to the main course.

"What's upset the old man?" I asked, approaching the mate.

"It's those dern ghosts," he answered.

"What ghosts, sir?"

"Humph! Don't you know the yarn? The brig's haunted—has been ever since those two fellows were washed off the jib-boom. It was in the Gulf Stream. The brig was running off before a nor'east squall, and they were stowing the flying-jib. The old man was at the wheel and he let her come up suddenly—he must have been drunk. She plunged her nose into a sea, clean to the foremast, and, of course, the men on the boom were washed away. It was murder, all right, and ever since, off and on, those fellows' ghosts have haunted the ship. Shortly after four o'clock this morning the lookout came running aft, frightened out of his wits. Going forward, I saw two white figures on the top-gallant fo'castle, dancing a devil's hornpipe round the capstan. I'm not superstitious, but I can tell you I got a scare."

The mate looked at me lugubriously. "S'pose the ghosts rifled the doctor's domain," laughed I.

"Maybe not," said the mate. "But when anybody mentions ghosts the old man buttons up his lip and ups-stick for his whisky flask."

The brig sped along merrily, keeping close to the sou'west shore. The captain was on the lookout for a pampero, and a while before midnight we shortened sail. The ship was then four or five miles below Buenos Ayres. It was a dark night—very dark for that part of the world.

As I was about to sing out "eight bells," two hands in my watch came running aft, crying incoherently. The captain muttered aghast, "The ghosts again," and hastened below. With rollicking recklessness, I went forward to investigate.

Sure enough! There on the fo'castle head stood two figures looming ghostly through the gloom. Spellbound, I watched them for what seemed an age. Suddenly they emitted a shriek and jumped over the windlass towards me. I did not wait to ask their business with me, but skedaddled aft. When I reached the poop, the shrieking phantoms were at my heels. Seizing a pump handle, I made a sweep at one of them as he was clambering up the poop ladder. But I struck

only air. The swing of the heavy bar nearly carried me overboard. Had the handle passed through an unsubstantial shade? No! The ghost had dodged, and now was stammering in fright.

"Don't kill me, Mr. A——. I'm not a ghost—I'm only Sam."

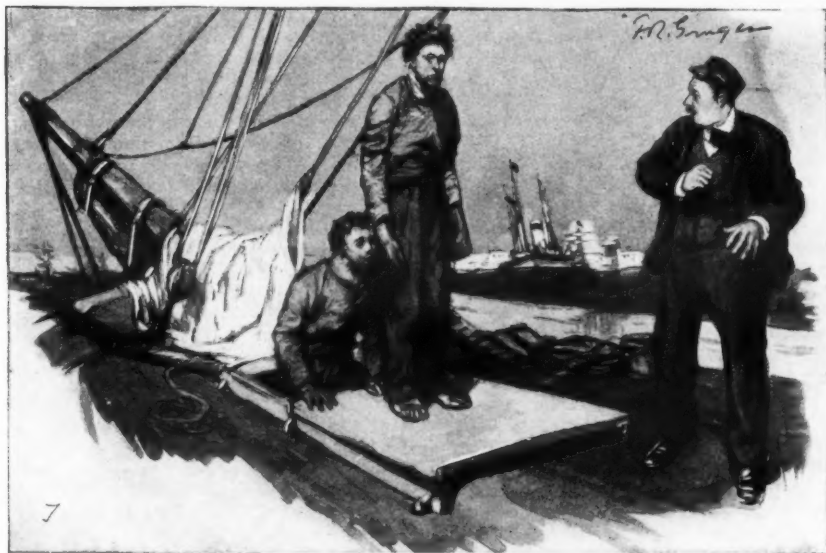
The ghosts tore white sheets from their shoulders and stood disclosed—two dern shell-backs. Perhaps I didn't feel like slaughtering the pair of them for making such a fool of me! "Get forward, you scoundrels," I stormed. "Away with you, or I'll make ghosts of you for sure."

"Good heavens, sir, let us be," they exclaimed. "The real ghosts were after us. Didn't you see 'em?"

"What are you fools frightened of? what are you giving us?" I roared.

"The ghosts are forward, sir, the real ghosts. They came up out of the water, dripping, ghastly. We'll never play ghosts again—never, sir!"

At that instant the pampero struck the brig, shrieking through the rigging like a litany of Lucifer. The captain sprang on deck, but there was nothing to do. The brig, under a single topsail, leaped like a racehorse before the squall. In an hour or so the pampero passed without doing any damage, and we started to set sail again.



"... two haggard, hairy beings jumped on deck, clamoring for food and drink."

The mate called his watch to loose the jibs, but not a man would go on the boom.

"You can kill me, sir," said Sam, "but I won't go forward of the windlass. Them ghosts are waiting for us, sure. Last night the starboard watch played ghosts to frighten you, sir. To-night Bill and I were playing for the benefit of the second, but the real ghosts came over the bows and nearly napped us. Ask old Riley? He was watching the fun from the fo'castle, and he seen 'em rise behind us."

Those scared shellbacks got on the mate's nerves, and, in consequence, the jibs were not set till daylight.

When the cook turned out that morning, he found that his galley had been looted another time. Of course, he went for the crew, but those shellbacks had nothing to say. Somehow, I did not like it. If they had been in the galley their protestations would have been profuse enough. But they were plainly perplexed, and even appalled. "It must have been the real ghosts, this time," they muttered among themselves.

The following night I had charge of the deck from twelve to four. A while after two bells, the ghosts began to declare themselves. Startling shrieks, blood-curdling groans issued from the bows. My watch clambered on the poop; my hair crept all around my head. In a few minutes the mate's watch came piling out of the fore-castle like greased lightning. They ran to the poop, too, and, huddling together, we listened with chattering teeth to the racket raised by the ghosts. After a time the ghostly sounds ceased, and we drew breath more freely. The sailors camped in the waist, but they did not sleep much.

In the morning, there was a row in the fore-castle. Two men had lost their tobacco and pipes, and were blaming their shipmates. To accuse one's shipmate of robbery is a dangerous business. The mate, hearing the angry voices and fearing trouble, made inquiries. On his suggestion, the fore-castle was turned wrong side out, but neither pipes nor tobacco were found.

"The ghosts must have been here last night," said the mate. "They probably don't like the sort of smoke going among spirits and wanted a pull at a sailor's pipe."

The sailors cooled down at once.

That day it blew a little, and we battened down hatches fore and aft. At night the sailors slept in the waist and stood their watches there, too. Even a handspike wouldn't persuade them to go forward to

the fo'castle. At intervals the ghosts made their presence known.

Next morning when I opened the forepeak hatch, two haggard, hairy beings jumped on deck, clamoring for food and drink.

"The ghosts!" growled the men, running aft. I ran, too. The ghosts followed leisurely, laughing fit to split.

The captain was on the poop, and he blocked the retreat.

"Who the devil—what are these scaramouches?" he asked.

"The ghosts," says I, as solemn as seven Solomons.

"Yes," said the tall, lanky one, "we're the ghosts, and we're hungry and thirsty, too."

"How did you get aboard?" asked the old man.

"Over the bows. How do you suppose ghosts would come?"

"Blast your impudence!" roared the old man. "I'll teach you to be funny with me. Get forward! I'm going to lock you in the carpenter shop."

"But, captain, we're hungry and thirsty. For Heaven's sake, give us something to eat and drink."

"Get out," grinned the old man, "ghosts should live on air. Another word and I'll throw the both of you overboard."

Thereupon, he seized a handspike, drove them forward, and locked them in the dark and dingy carpenter shop.

"Now, my fine lads," he said, "you'll have time to think over the foolhardiness of frightening honest folk."

Every half hour the captain marched up and down by their prison, taunting them. They begged for something to eat, something to drink, but the old man had no pity for them.

"Ghosts shouldn't eat or drink," he laughed, ironically.

A while after dinner the prisoners changed their tactics.

"Captain," roared a deep, sepulchral voice audible all over the ship, "captain, you're a murderer. Why did you drown us that way and make it necessary for us to haunt the brig. You think we are stowaways, but we are not. Lord have mercy on your miserable soul, captain, but we are the ghosts of those drowned men sent to drive you from this ship."

The captain broke into a volley of oaths.

"You infernal rascals," he stormed; "I'll hale you out of there and knock Hail Columbia out of you."

He went into his cabin, got his keys and went forward to lick those fools. He opened the slide, looked in—and then drew back with a face as white as a sheet.

"Well, captain, what's the matter?" asked the mate. "Have you seen a ghost?"

"They're gone," exclaimed the old man, in a weak, tense voice.

The prisoners had indeed vanished like ghosts. No wonder the captain had turned white.

At three in the afternoon, the brig anchored off the City of Montevideo. The captain went ashore immediately. At sundown, neither captain nor boats' crew had returned. The mate hailed a bumboat, and hoisted up his chests. "I'm going to clear out," he explained; "I wouldn't stop another night aboard this craft for anything. The old man won't come back, you bet."

After he had departed, the sailors dumped their dunnage over the side into a boarding house runner's boat. I didn't object; I gathered up my luggage and went ashore with them.

Some time during the evening, the police boat found the brig deserted and put a man aboard to watch her. The ghosts, however, kicked up such a hideous racket that he got scared and swam ashore. In the morning the haunted brig was the topic of conversation along the water front. The captain resigned his command. The agents took charge and put a watchman aboard for the day. The ghosts were relied on to protect her from water thieves during the night.

The agents the following day offered fabulous wages for a skipper and crew to take her home, but without success.

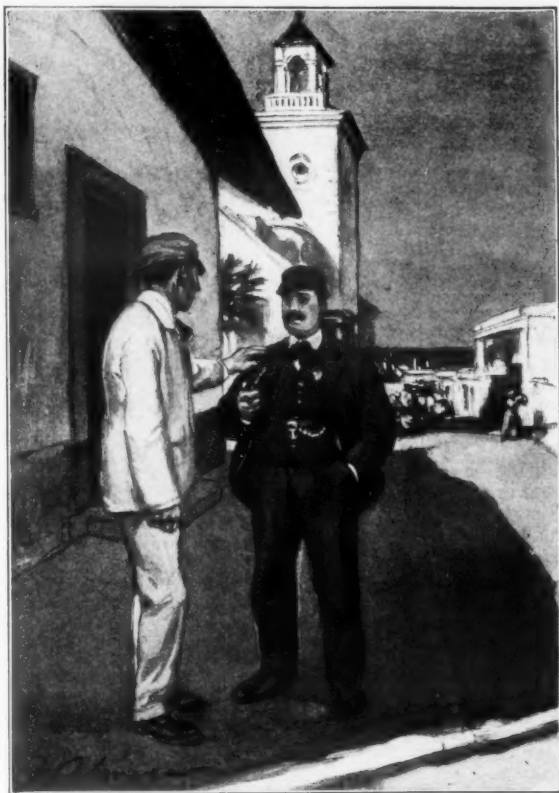
In the afternoon a tall man, middle-aged and clean-shaven, accosted me on the street. After a few random observations, he remarked:

"You hold a master's ticket, I believe."

"Yes."

"Would you like a captain's berth at a good salary?"

"Certainly; I'd jump at a chance."



"Would you like a captain's berth at a good salary?"

"Well, I can put you in the way of one, but——"

"Well, what?"

He watched me narrowly for a space.

"How did you get on with the captain of the *Mayflower*?" he asked, at length.

"Not very well!" I admitted. "He's an old skinflint."

"Good! You won't mind doing him a bad turn. What I want you to do is to take the *Mayflower* home. I'm a mate; I'll ship with you, and get you a crew."

"My friend," laughed I, "your proposition won't go. I've had enough of the *May-*

flower. I would not own her, much less sail her."

My would-be mate laughed in turn, uproariously.

"The ghosts won't bother you any more," he stammered. "I'll guarantee to lay them for good. I'm one of them."

Observing him closely, I noted a resemblance to the tall, lanky ghost. A clean shave and good clothes made a great difference, but the resemblance was clear. The recognition startled me.

"Don't get scared again," he remarked, noticing my trepidation. "I'm flesh and blood, I assure you."

"But your disappearance!" I ejaculated.

"Oh, there was nothing supernatural about that. The brig was formerly fitted up for smuggling. She has a lot of secret slides and cunningly hidden holes, that her last skipper didn't know about. I was mate of her twenty years ago, and I knew how to get out of the carpenter shop down into the hold. A dozen men could hide in some of her hollow beams."

"And your first appearance—explain that."

"My chum and I were in a boat. You see, we had been shanghaied aboard a blue nose

barque. While she was lying in the river some miles below Buenos Ayres, we stole a boat and started for town. Seeing a vessel's lights coming down the river, and fearing a pampero, we decided to board her. Swinging under the bows, we clambered up the bob-stay. Of course I knew

the brig at once, and when we clambered over the bows and saw two ghostly figures on the fo'castle head—well, I was a pretty scared man. When they fled aft, however, shrieking with fear, we saw that we were taken for ghosts, and knowing how the captain had drowned two men, we determined to have some fun."

Men who do business on the great waters are prone to superstition,



"Seeing a vessel's lights coming down the river, and fearing a pampero, we decided to board her."

and even after the mysterious manifestation aboard the brig had been explained, I felt diffident about making another trip in her. But, being a young man, I could not lightly ignore the chance of obtaining a command. My lanky friend appealed to my ambition, and had his way.

The agents engaged me at once, on my own terms. Of course, we kept quiet about the ghosts, and they kept quiet during the voyage home.



Mr. Lawson in His State Street Office.

LAWSON, OF BOSTON

By WINFIELD M. THOMPSON

ON the front of a tall and narrow office building of gray sandstone, that stands at the corner of State and Congress Streets, in Boston, and overtops the modest old yellow brick statehouse of colonial days, is a brass sign, bearing the firm name, Lawson, Arnold & Co. Conventional as are the sign and office, the visitor in New England's Wall Street stops and gazes at them, as at some historic spot, when told that this is the brokerage house of Thomas W. Lawson.

Newspaper readers in the past few years have noticed many references to the movements and achievements of Thomas W. Lawson. He has taken scores of blue ribbons with his strings of fancy bred show horses; his racing animals at various tracks have won large purses, which he has given to charity; he has paid \$30,000 for the right to cultivate a single flower, which he named for his wife; he has fitted out a steam yacht at a cost of \$250,000; he has made a million dollars in a single "turn in the mar-

ket" in sugar stock; he has bought a copper mine in California, he is a litigant in suits involving millions in Montana copper securities; he has promoted a combination of copper companies with a capital of more than one hundred million dollars; he has become the confidential agent in State Street and Wall Street of the Standard Oil Company's magnates, and sits on boards of directors with such men as John D. Rockefeller and H. H. Rogers; and finally he has built *Independence*, a racing yacht qualified to defend the America's Cup.

To secure an interview with Mr. Lawson, even on matters of importance to himself, requires persistence. Every minute of his day is filled. Yet to everybody he is democratic in bearing, and a fascinating talker. He is a firm believer in the daily press as a reflector and modeler of public opinion. His receptions to newspaper men are famous in State Street, and are jocularly known to other brokers as "Lawson's noon

levees," as it is his custom to receive newspaper men at noon. No man in Boston is a better judge of what constitutes news in matters of finance.

Although these receptions have become infrequent of late, I was fortunate enough to be present at one when he discussed yachting with a dozen writers on the sport. Over the public office of Lawson, Arnold & Co. is a private office, in which Mr. Lawson does business. There is not a business office like it in Boston. If the public office of Mr. Lawson's firm is conventional, this one is the reverse. It is a bower of flowers and a cabinet of art works, bronzes, paintings and carvings; the kind of office the director of a museum of fine arts might occupy, but hardly one in which you would look for a hard-headed operator in stocks.

The room—twelve by eighteen feet—is the full width of the building, and commands a view up, down and across the street. The walls are paneled in mahogany, with a dado of green marble and a frieze of olive. The furniture is olive-green cordova leather, the largest piece being a great sofa. The desk, a great flat-topped mahogany piece, fully eight feet long and six wide, is littered with bric-à-brac, photographs in frames, telephone impedimenta, and bronzes. Collecting bronzes is one of Mr. Lawson's pastimes. On the left side of his desk, where he may look at them every time he swings his chair around, are three striking statuettes, by Jerome, "Cæsar Crossing the Rubicon," "Frederick the Great," and "Napoleon." From these one might judge Mr. Lawson's favorite characters in history. On his desk, around the bookcases of the wainscot, and on the windowsills, flowers are placed in profusion, all in exquisite vases of Tiffany glass. By the State Street window were two tickers, the tape from them falling into a green wicker basket, and between them a tall, slim vase, filled with freshly-cut roses.

When the reporters were seated Mr. Lawson entered. He is striking in build and carriage. His forty-four years sit lightly on him despite his life of hard work and excitement. He is nearly six feet tall, erect, with the form of an athlete. His large head is set on a thick neck well back on broad, square shoulders. His arms and legs are rugged, and his weight more than 200 pounds, one would say; but his hands and feet are small and rather delicate. His hair is dark, plentiful and curly, his mustache dark, and drooping over a firm mouth. His jaw is square, indicating strength of will. His complexion inclines to be ruddy and his eyes are extremely keen. It

is in his eyes that Mr. Lawson is strongest, though he is in every way a strong man. They are wonderful eyes. He looks straight at a man when talking to him, and there is in his gaze a subtle something that compels attention. The pupil of the eye is like a black lancet. There is a small yellow ring around this, shading into a gray green. One rarely sees a more searching pair of eyes.

In dress Mr. Lawson is almost dapper. His clothes set well on his handsome form. His shoes are of soft kid, low cut. His tie is quiet, and he wears in it a small black pearl. His only other jewelry is a simple gold band ring, and a gold watch chain of peculiar make.

On entering the room to meet his guests, Mr. Lawson smiled, called each man by name, shook hands all around, and sat down in his swivel chair between the two tickers and his group of bronzes. He wore a spray of blue bachelor buttons in the lapel of his coat.

"Now, gentlemen," he said, by way of opening the interview, "I have asked you here to make clear to you certain things in this yachting question. Some of the things I say must be treated as confidential. Is it understood?"



Photo copyright by C. J. Horner, 1899.

The Mrs. Thomas W. Lawson Pink.

Those sharp eyes swept around the circle inquiringly. Each man nodded assent.

"Very well, then, we will go ahead."

Mr. Lawson untied a package of papers, and began reading from them, going point by point over the entire subject of the building, equipping and offering his boat as a possible defender of the America's Cup. He talked rapidly, in a strong, full voice, with a little nasal tone now and then, punctuating his remarks with his index finger, and sometimes placing the tips of his fingers together as if carefully fitting each word when on some point he wished to emphasize.

He had not proceeded far when there was an animated spurt of clicking on the tickers at his elbow. Evidently some smart action was taking place in the market. A wooden telephone call bell buzzed on Mr. Lawson's desk. He took a nickel transmitter from a rack at his elbow, and said:

"What's that? 57? No, too high. Give him 56 for 300."

The few words made no impression on the yachting men, though I learned afterward they constituted a message on which several million dollars depended in an important copper consolidation. The incident was illustrative of Mr. Lawson's business method.

Mr. Lawson hung up the instrument and plunged once more into yachting.

"As I was saying, I built this boat——"

The tickers clicked merrily, and he picked up the tape, looked it over rapidly, and turned to the telephone. Just then the bell buzzed again.

"What's that? 41-2? Buy a thousand."

Here was an order for a thousand shares of sugar, involving about \$150,000. It did not interrupt the yacht talk half a minute. Mr. Lawson leaned back in his chair, hooked a thumb in the top of a vest pocket and proceeded. In a few minutes the

telephone bell buzzed again. He seized a transmitter.

"What's that? Going off? 45-8ths? I just gave Blank an order for a thousand."

Mr. Lawson put his thumb on a little pearl button, one of a row on the front of his desk, and spoke into the transmitter.

"Give me New York," he said. In three seconds the connection was made.

"Hello, New York! Give me 4. This 4? Hello, cancel. All right."

Another button was pushed and again an order was spoken in the transmitter. It was "pull out."

Another button was pushed, and this order was repeated; and still another, the order being "pull out at 4." In each case the broker was called by name. The conversation took place in so low a tone that none of the interviewers heard what was said, yet in the space of three minutes Mr. Lawson had withheld business from the Street aggregating \$300,000, and in an important stock the tone of the market for the day was changed.

Hanging up the transmitter, Mr. Lawson resumed:

"This boat is mine," he said, "and no man should ask me to give her away. If

there was no principle involved, I might, but there is one—a great one. Boston yachtsmen ask me to build a boat; I build her, and if she is the best American boat, she should defend the America's Cup in my name."

There was a strident tone in Mr. Lawson's voice. He smote his knee. "It is unconstitutional to ask a man to give away without consideration

what is his own, what he has worked for. I will not consent to give away my boat, but I will charter her, or do anything necessary for the interest of the sport, except enter into a sham arrangement of saying



Boralma, Mr. Lawson's Trotter.

she is not mine. That is un-American, unsportsmanlike, unconstitutional and unbusinesslike. They say sports don't run into business. I say they do. No sport is right that will not stand the test of sound business principles. I have to enter my yacht at the custom house—that's business, isn't it? If I hand her over to somebody without equivalent, and I am 'given the shoulder,' that isn't business, is it? It isn't sport, either! No American who wants to defend the America's Cup, and has the money and courage to build a boat that costs \$200,000, should be asked to give up the boat and told to take himself out of the way—not in these days."

Thus Mr. Lawson talked on for an hour, reading documents, citing common law, employing logic and sometimes sophistry.

At last he bowed the interviewers out with a laugh and a handshake all around, after they had extended to him a vote of thanks for courtesies shown them at the trial of his boat.

When the last had gone Mr. Lawson looked at his watch.

"It took me more than an hour to make that clear to those boys, but it was worth it, every minute of it. I gain nothing by it, but they are better fixed to write on the subject. Now I'll get down to business."

Just then Mr. Lawson was reminded by his secretary that the manager of his Trinity Mine must start for California that afternoon.

"By Jove, that's so," reflected Mr. Lawson, "I must see him. You see," he explained, "he has come on to get me to sign papers for a million dollar's worth of improvements at the mine, and I have had to hold him here two days while I talked yachting and did a hundred other things that had to be attended to at once."

It is not such a far cry back to the days when Tom Lawson did not cut much of a figure in State Street. He was always "given the shoulder" by the conservatives there. He was a "rank outsider," too pronounced a person entirely for State Street to take to its bosom. Boston Puritanism could not see him in the right light. When a few years ago he wanted to enter the Boston stock exchange the idea was not greeted with enthusiasm by the members. Since then he has made the bulls in that body look his way with anxious eyes many a time. Mr. Lawson belongs neither to the Boston nor to the New York exchanges, but

does his trading through the board member of his firm.

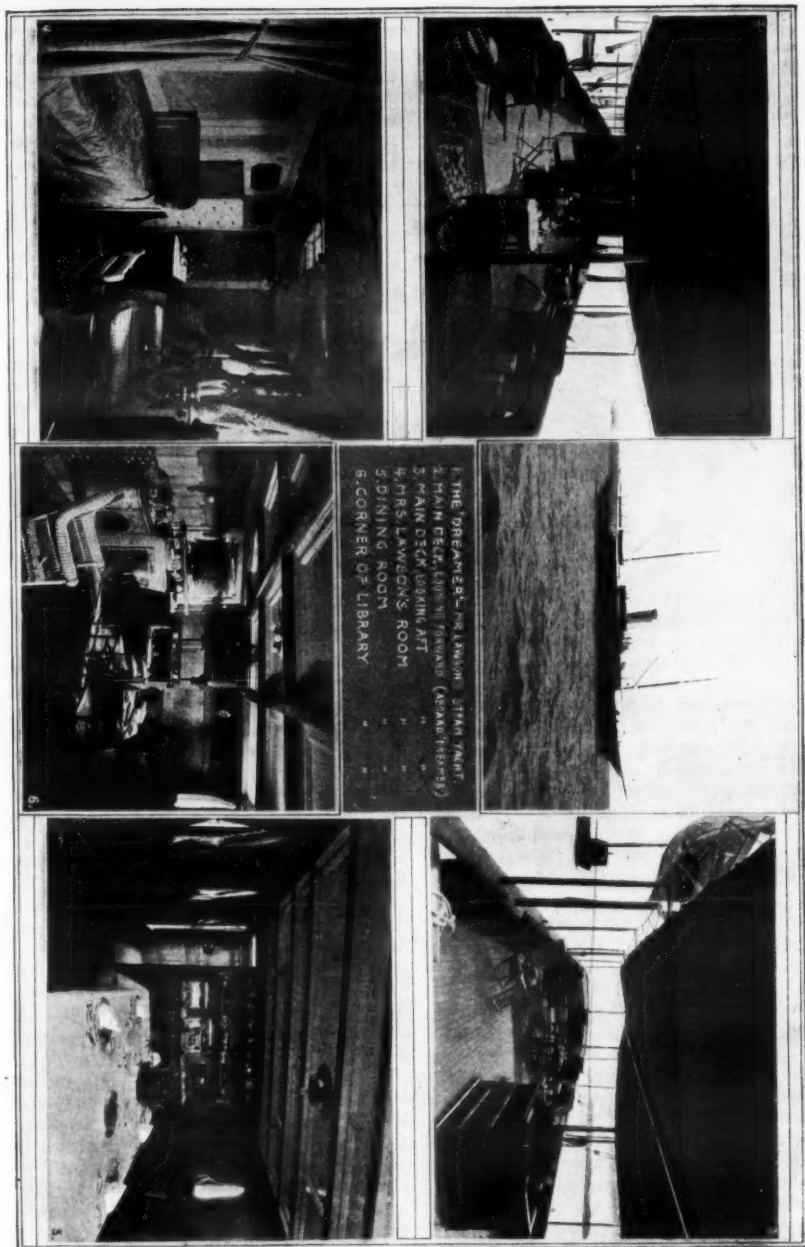
"Tom" Lawson is a child of State Street, for he grew up there. The son of a carpenter from Nova Scotia, at the age of twelve he ran away from school in Cambridgeport, walked to Boston's financial center, and applied for a job in the office of Stevens, Amory & Co., where he saw in the window a sign, "Office Boy Wanted." His curly head hardly came into view of the man at the counter, who laughed at the little fellow and called the attention of the other men in the office to him. The lad stood their chaffing and was hired. Next day his mother sent him back to school. He ran away again, coming back to his place in the Street. He had read of fortunes made in finance, and dreamed he would some day get rich in State Street, as rich as some of the great men whose names he read in the papers. His people sent him back to school a second time, but a member of the firm that employed him, on his solicitation, went to his mother in his behalf, and on his promise that he would study nights, she permitted him to keep on with the work he had chosen.

Lawson's progress in the Street was steady. He was bright and alert, and when his first Christmas with them came, his employers gave him \$100. It was his first hundred dollars, and he was prouder of it than he would be of the present of a million today. He took it uptown in haste, to buy presents for his sister and two brothers. He invested \$87 in a present for his sister and felt bad because there was not enough left to go around, according to his ideas.

Referring to his start in the Street, Mr. Lawson once said to me:

"I suppose, to have been romantic, I should have been ragged and dirty, with the seat out of my breeches, but I was none of these. My little blouse was as clean as my boy's is now. I had a well-defined idea I should make money, for the market fascinated me from the start."

His first important work was handling gold for the firm. Business was done in gold in those days, and he was a proud boy when set to work shoveling twenty dollar gold pieces, in a cage inside a window directly opposite to the corner where he now has his own office. As he grew older, commissions of a confidential character were entrusted to him. One of these resulted in his first flyer in the Street, which led to the accumulation and loss of \$60,000 before he was seventeen years old.



The firm employing Lawson were financial agents for the Cincinnati, Sandusky and Cleveland Railroad, of which Rush R. Sloane, member of Congress, was president. One day financial circles were startled to hear that Mr. Sloane had taken the road's securities and papers on his yacht, and sailed across Lake Erie to Canada. Negotiations



Photographed for Ainslee's Magazine by T. E. Marr.

Mr. Lawson's Boston House.

were opened, and Lawson was sent out as messenger for Stevens, Amory & Co. In this way he learned when a compromise was to be effected. Returning to Boston, he turned the information to account by forming a pool of boy friends to buy C. S. and C. stock, which had dropped from \$56 to \$3 a share. The pool ran their stock up to \$16 and got out winners. Lawson invested his money again, and in a year had \$60,000. The first thing he bought out of his fortune was a pair of black horses and a buggy, thus realizing a dream he had had since childhood. The next year he lost his \$60,000 on the wrong side of a local stock, and was "broke."

Yet he began trading again. At twenty-one he was on several boards of directors, and had organized a stock company to manufacture machinery of a device he invented for printing tickets. He also invented a system of store cash service slips. This business brought him in contact with a rival store service company. He believed the concern rotten at the heart, and began a bear campaign against its stock in the Street. He drove the stock down from \$62 a share to \$14.

He was next seen as part owner of a printing concern in Boston, that went to the wall, and pulled him under. He rose from the ruins without a dollar and went into the Street again. In 1892 he went to Southwestern Kentucky and promoted a boom town. He worked there for fourteen months, building furnaces, laying out streets, toiling like a laborer, often all day in the saddle, but in the end losing all, for the wave of land speculation had passed. But the wave of stock speculation was just rising, and Lawson saw his opportunity in it. His next venture was in the Street again, booming Westinghouse Air Brake, which he had sent up from 16 to 46. It was at this time, about eight years ago, that Lawson became in truth a power in the stock market. He entered a bear campaign against general electric stock, carrying it down from 116 to 44, and clearing \$2,634,000 in the operation, which

covered but fifty-eight days. Only a small part of the profits went to him, however, as a Wall Street concern that supplied the money to carry on the deal took the lion's share. After this deal Lawson went short of sugar, on bad advice, and lost what he had made in general electric. He girded himself for a fresh start, nothing daunted. He had been "broke" too many times before. He fought the Standard Oil interests for the control of the Boston gas companies and in this paved the way for his present connection with that great power, for the fight brought him in contact with H. H. Rogers, of the Standard Oil Company, who saw in him a man of possibilities.

In his years in the Street, Lawson had seen the enormous profits made in "coppers," (that is, the securities of Lake Superior and other copper mines held in Boston), and had dabbled a little in them, but his entry to the copper investment field was by a fortuitous circumstance such as marks many of the leading events of his career. The story is worth telling.

One day about six years ago, while stand-

ing at the ticker in his office, Lawson was approached by a newspaper man, an old and trusted friend, who said, in an offhand way:

"Tom, they are going to shut down Butte and Boston mine. I think it's the biggest card you can tackle if you sell it short. Short it hard, and you'll win."

"Aren't pulling your leg, are they?" asked Lawson, quietly.

"No, that's straight."

"Excuse me a minute," said Lawson, and stepping to the telephone he gave heavy orders to "sell Butte short."

His raid caused a stir in coppers. The Butte and Boston company denounced him, and declared the story was false. Nevertheless, the mine was soon shut down. Lawson sold the stock from \$16 down to seventy-five cents a share. Then he bought it, until he had a controlling part of the 200,000 shares of the company's common stock, forcing a reorganization, and making himself a power in coppers. From then on Butte boomed. Last winter it touched \$116 a share, and it formed the cornerstone of the new Amalgamated Company, organized in the past spring with a capital of \$155,000,000, under the laws of New Jersey. Without Lawson in Butte there would have been no Amalgamated, and Lawson would probably not have been in Butte had it not been for the tip he received from a newspaper man.

From the point at which he sold Butte short, Lawson's progress in the copper market was startlingly rapid. He now owns a producing mine of his own, Trinity, capitalized at \$6,000,000, and his holdings in Amalgamated and other mines are worth probably as many millions more.

Until he got fairly into coppers, Lawson was the strongest bear in the Boston market. He was the ideal operator for the short side, possessing the rare instinct of knowing when conditions were right for operating, and having a pugnacious temperament and nerve sufficient to withstand all shocks.

His plan of campaign was daring and original. Armed with facts about a stock, he entered the arena prepared to shove it

down to the last notch, carrying on attacks against it in the press, assailing it with arguments and statements that could not be successfully met, and all the time selling it short in enormous blocks. The Street was amazed at first by these methods. They were new. Nobody had ever thought of bearing a stock by broadsides in the news-



Mr. Lawson's House at Cohasset, Massachusetts.

papers, as Lawson did. Nobody had ever had the courage to come out and pound a stock as openly as Lawson did. Nobody had ever been so successful in hammering off points in a bear raid as Lawson was. What was the result of all this? Lawson made money faster than any bear that had appeared in State Street. He made the business world look at him and reckon with him, and he did it all with the method of the club. He was a hard hitter and where his blows fell they left a mark. It was not long before Lawson was feared, and to be feared in State Street is to be courted.

But the Lawson of to-day is more a promoter of vast enterprises than a stock operator, though his stock operations are enormous, and he is tied in his office by the tape as securely as ever Bonnavard was bound by chains to the pillars of Chillon. He must follow the pulse beat of the world. He watches the market as a doctor watches his patient and he can forecast conditions with remarkable accuracy.

Persons not familiar with the complex affairs of Wall Street and State Street will have difficulty in understanding fully how Mr. Lawson makes his money, though the prin-

ciples by which he has won are simple. He is one of the handlers of the world's investment funds, and he makes his millions without leaving his desk. He fits admirably into the age of the telephone and the electric button. He directs his affairs at long range.

Lawson is dashing, masterful and impetuous. He is a human dynamo of energy, always running at full speed until nature turns the switch of sleep. So far as one can see, there is no reaction from the

terrific tension at which he lives. Yet he is always well groomed, well conditioned, active and powerful. His watchword is "work, work, work." He seems never to know fatigue. He sleeps generally not more than four or five hours a night. Yet he is as strong and sound to-day as he was twenty years ago.

Lawson has many friends and almost as many enemies. He is the most cordially hated, and at the same time the most strongly admired man in State Street. He never forgets a friend, and practically shares his wealth with all near him. He has helped scores of men to make fortunes. On the other hand, he never forgets an enemy. He hates trickery, and is an out-and-out fighter, but when the enemy cries quits, there is no more magnanimous victor than Lawson. When a power in the Street swears by his gods he will down Lawson in a deal, and tries to do it, Lawson sits tight, fights the man with his own weapons, whatever they may be, and generally wins. If he is beaten he turns his attention to the next struggle with the greatest cheerfulness.

Mr. Lawson has a remarkable memory, carrying dates, facts and figures in his head as other men carry them in books. The events of his whole life are tabulated in his brain. Physically nearly perfect, his energy and force are tremendous. He is a great newspaper reader, going through all the New York and Boston papers every day. To newspaper reading he attributes part of his success.

He watches every line of financial news in the papers, and knows its value better than their editors. He reviews the events of the world every day, as every stock operator should, and is a close observer of political events, though not active in politics.



A Lawson Four-in-hand.

Mr. Lawson is something of a fatalist. The toss of a coin has determined for him more than one stock transaction. He believes that whatever befalls after a man has done his best, is part of a grand scheme of the total of human events. He believes in the good luck of certain numerals; the figure 3 or its multiples appears in all his affairs. His office is 33 State Street. His telephones are 333 and 3339 respectively. His yacht's first sailing test took place on the 3d of June. He wears a watch chain consisting of 333 gold beads.

In his home life Mr. Lawson is the ideal husband and father, devoting all his time out of business hours to his wife, who is not strong, and to his children. He has two sons and four daughters. His oldest son, Arnold, is a student at Oxford. His other children live at home, and are being educated privately in Boston. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Lawson cares for society, and they are rarely seen at social functions, except at the Boston or New York horse show. They very rarely attend the theatre, and do not entertain, though their town house, at Beacon Street and Charlesgate, is one of the largest in Boston. Mr. Lawson spends his evenings at home. He belongs to no clubs, not caring for club life. He lives and works for his wife and children, and is very scrupulous not to permit business to intrude on his home life. Any person who calls on him at his house on business will find him "not at home." He has given much thought to the decoration of his houses and his collection of paintings and objects of art is very large. He owns a notable collection of pearls, and is considered by Tiffany one of the best

judges of pearls in America. His bronzes include the works of many famous sculptors, and he has designed some very creditable bronzes himself.

His yacht is one of the most luxurious in Eastern waters. He has a comfortable suburban house at Winchester, which town is his legal residence, a shore place at Cohasset, and is now building a stock farm at Scituate, at a cost of \$1,200,000. His horses number more than one hundred, and it is his intention to double that number. They are at present scattered, but will all be gathered at his Scituate farm. His fastest trotter, Boralma, is going against the kings of the turf this season.

The money Mr. Lawson gives away for charitable purposes represents a fortune each year. The world hears not of one-fiftieth of his benefactions to widows, orphans and the indigent generally. Every year he gives a Christmas tree to the poor of Winchester, with \$5,000 worth of things on it, though the name of the donor is not announced. In State Street he is a mark for the ne'er-do-wells, and the shorn lambs.

Here are some business maxims that have guided Mr. Lawson to success:

Be true to your best instincts.

Be thorough.

Never let anything pass you in your business that you do not understand. Trace every effect back to its cause. Otherwise you are not fully equipped to carry on business.

Work with enthusiasm and with all your powers. Do only one thing at a time, and feel that thing is the most important thing in the world while doing it.

In dealing with a man look him straight in the eye. Then you are at your best.

If your enemy strikes at you and hurts, don't let him see that he has hurt you. Ridicule him, and strike when your time comes.

Accept defeat philosophically.

Apply logic to all business propositions. If they will not stand the test of logic, reject them.

In the stock market don't expect to make money from following the tape. No man ever can do it. Unless you are on the inside, don't speculate.

Although in State Street he is the smooth, hard stock operator, on whom attacks fall as harmlessly as bullets on polished steel, to his friends Mr. Lawson is quite another man.

"There is only about a third of a man the public sees," he said to me one day in his office. "As a rule, we all work behind a mask, and the two-thirds of us we conceal is generally the best in us. It is that two-thirds that I will not show the public. It is my home life, my tastes, my diversions."

A little sidelight on Lawson *intime* was before me, nevertheless. It was a picture

resting on the green leather cushions of the great office sofa, a painting in oils of a woman telling beads. On the gilt frame were lettered these lines from Ethelbert Nevin's song, "The Rosary":

"The hours I spent with thee, dear heart,
Are as a string of pearls to me;
I count them over, every one apart,
My Rosary."

It was a song in visible form. As Mr. Lawson followed my eye, he said: "I often get some artist of repute to paint me a picture illustrating some verse or song. I have many such pictures as that. They appeal to me."

As we sat and talked, about this thing and that, in the lingering afternoon, when the sun cast long shadows over the gables of the old State House across the way, I found myself facing another man than I had seen in business hours. His eye no longer flashed magnetic shafts. His voice had lost its harshness, and was low and musical. He spoke of his early struggles, his mother's influence, his home life, and his success.

"Men say I advertise myself," he said. "They are wrong. I have nothing to sell. I am not in the business of making money, but of spending it. Making money is the easiest thing I can do—but I must keep on making it, millions of it, for I have many dependent on me, and I am now filling in a great picture I have cherished from my youth—the picture painted by ambition. Until it is done I must keep on. Spending money is hard work, if one wants to do good with it, and the only good I get from mine is in spending it."

The door opened softly, and Mr. Lawson's secretary placed a vase of long-stemmed pink flowers on his desk. His face lighted. "Those are the Mrs. Lawson pink," he said. "Aren't they beautiful?" As he spoke I noticed a new note in his voice.

Just then Mr. Lawson adjusted his curious gold chain. On the end was a locket, on one side was carved a gypsy's head, the other contained a miniature of a sweet-faced girl.

"It is the picture of my wife," he said, extending it, "at the time we were married. Her name is Gypsy. You will notice that each of the beads in this chain—there are three hundred and thirty-three—is carved with a gypsy's face—just a little fancy of mine, that's all."

At that moment Mr. Lawson's carriage was announced.

JIM'S TRANSLATION

BY HOLMAN F. DAY

Couldn't speak of nothin' smart—no one strong or spry—
'Thout old Talleyrand B. Beals 'd grab right in an' lie!
All the thing he'd talk about was chap by name o' Jim,
—Ev'ry story that he told was sort o' hung 'round him.
Said the critter'd worked for him twenty year before,
—Thing at last it got to be the by-word 'round the store;
When we'd hear of biggish things, "That," we'd say, "I swan,
Beats tophet, taxes, time an' tide an' Bealses' hired man."

Beals, though, clacked right on an' on; would set an' chaw an' spit,
An' tell us 'bout that hired man—couldn't make him quit.
Champyun jump or heft or swim—'twas all the same to him,
He'd wait till all the rest had shot, then plug the mark with Jim.

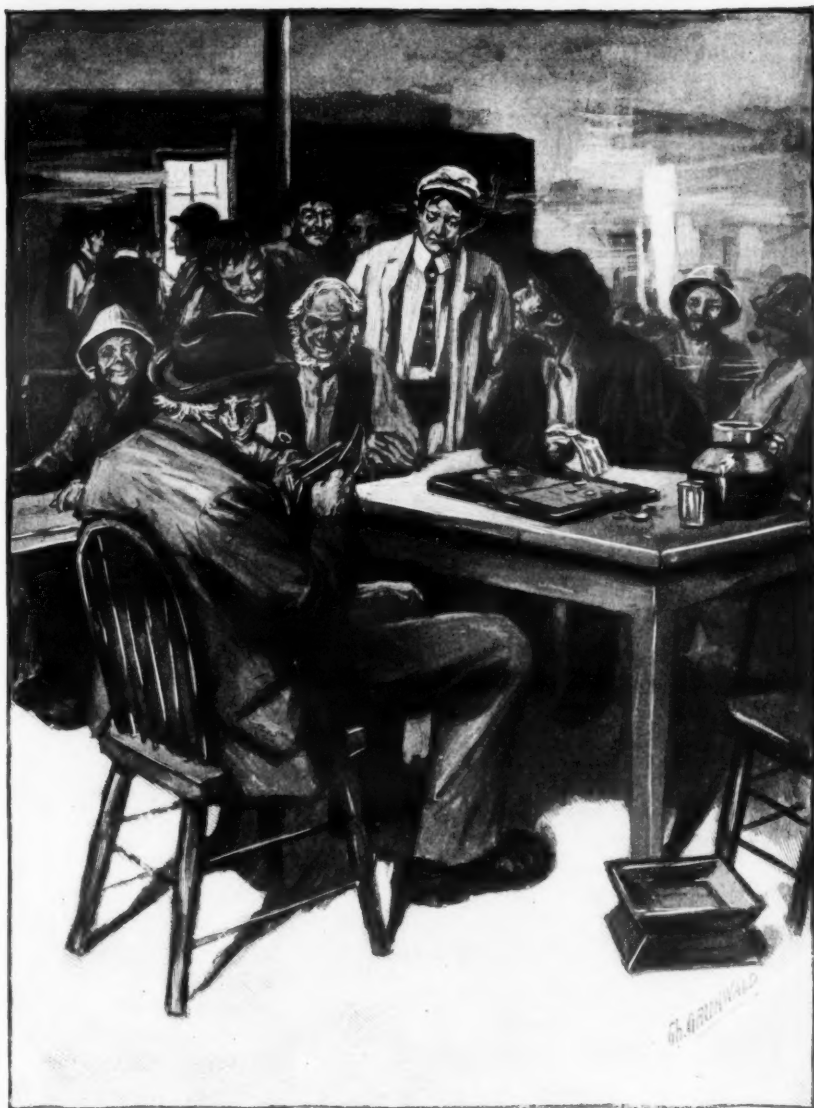
Had to larf the other day—boys was down t' th' store—
Talleyrand got started in—the dratted, deaf old bore!
Silas Erskine's boy spoke up—that's Ez! Wal, Ez says he,
"Say, Tal, whatever 'come o' Jim?" Old Beals uncrossed his knee,
Said he, "A master cur'us chap, that Jim was, I must say!
Seemed to like us fine as silk, but off he went one day.
—Went right off without yip—didn't take his clothes—
Hank'rin' struck him all to once—couldn't wait, don't s'pose.
Didn't even take his pay, which was some surprise—
—Prob'ly, though, a lord or dook travelin' in disguise."

Beals he stopped an' gnawed his plug; chawed an' chawed a while,
Then Ben Haskell hitched around; smole a sing'lar smile—
"Told that hired man," says he, "I'd never let it out—
Guess I'd better tell it, though, an' settle all this doubt.
Want to say right here an' now, to back up Beals," says Ben,
"His Jim did sartin wear the crown amongst all hired men."
S'prised us all when Ben said that 'cause he usyal planned
All the hector, tricks an' jokes 't were put on Talleyrand.
Ben, though, kept right on his talk. Ben says, then says he,

"Here's the secret how he went, for I'm the man what see!
Happened down in Allen's field, day he disappeared,
Jim come 'crost the intervale; straight as H he steered
To'ards that silver-poppole tree; up that tree he clim',
—Set there, sort o' lost in thought a-straddle of a limb.
Just when I'd got underneath he sighed an' took a piece
Of mutton taller—giv' his boots a heavy co't of grease—
Greased his fingers nice an' slick, an' then—an' then, I swear,
Grabbed his bootstraps, giv' a pull an' up he went in air!"

Ought to heerd us critters larf—great big "Haw, haw, haw!"
Jason Britts he dropped his teeth, Erskine gulped his chaw—
Talleyrand just set there grum; fin'ly snorted "Sho!
Think ye're smart, ye pesky fool! Lemme tell ye, though,
'Tain't so thund'rin' big a stretch ye made then when ye lied,
Bet ye Bill could lift himself, providin' he had tried.
Stout? I see'd him boost a rock——" "Minit, Tal," says Ben,
"Hain't got done my story yet—jest you wait till then!
Soon's I see that critter start, hollered loud's a loon,
'Jeero crismus, Jim,' says I, 'startin' for the moon?'
Jim looked down an' says, says he, 'Don't know where I'll fetch,
Nor giv' a rap, so long's I dodge old Beals, the mean old wretch!
Trouble is, consarn his pelt, his feed has been so slim
I've fell away till northen's left 'cept clothes an' name o' Jim.
Reckin, then, I'll h'ist myself, 'cause, ye see, I've found
It's blame sight easier raisin' up than holdin' on the ground.'
Then he giv' them straps a tug an' up he went from sight,
—Stood an' watched him till he growed to jest a leetle mite!
He's the champyun hired man, sartin sure, because
Critter went to Paradise, prob'ly, jest's he was."

Talleyrand he got so mad he actyal wouldn't speak!
Didn't come t' th' store agin for more'n a solid week.
Soon's he edged around some more, wa'n't no talk from him
About no hired man, you bet! Clack was shet on Jim!



"'Now,' said Captain Eri, 'this is the bet. We fellers bet you, Tucker, twenty dollars that we can find a boat, a catboat, that will beat the *Scudaway* in a sailin' race. The course'll be the reg'lar one that the fishin' craft race over in the spring. The trial'll come off day after ter-morrer. Is that all right?'"

—"The Revenge of Oaklegs."—p. 31.

THE REVENGE OF OAKLEGS

BY JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

"OAKLEGS" CROWELL worshipped two divinities. The first was Gertie Baker and the second was Lem Tucker. Gertie was thirteen, black-eyed and vivacious, and was pretty enough for any boy to worship. Lem was—— Well, he was what he was, and that was, certainly, nothing to be idolized.

Mr. Crowell had been christened Samuel by his father and mother, after a rich uncle who was expected to leave him money and didn't. He was christened "Oaklegs" by his schoolfellows, doubtless for good and sufficient juvenile reasons.

Mr. Lemuel Tucker—sometimes called "Ily" Tucker because of his smooth tongue—was a gentleman who followed the fashions. We say followed advisedly, because, although Mr. Tucker was invariably garbed in the extreme of the mode, it was always the mode of two seasons past. He may be said to have dressed not in the latest, but the late style.

His father kept a small general store in the village. Lemuel had early outgrown the parental establishment and gone up to Boston to show the city people how to do business. He had sold gloves and ribbons over the counter, been a life insurance agent, a soap peddler, and, at length, a gentleman at large. While engaged in this latter pursuit he had found it necessary to telegraph to Mr. Tucker, senior, who came up to Boston, found a son in debt and a trunk in pawn, and took both back with him to the Cape. Since then Lemuel had lived on patience and his parents until, within the past few days, he had been appointed superintendent and caretaker of Mr. Delancey Barry's magnificent and newly completed summer estate on the Cliff Road. The house had not yet been opened, but the Barrys were expected to arrive in about a week. Elmer Burns, a competent and hard-working young fisherman, had been very near to getting the place, but he had no father, as Lem did, to go on to New York and plead with Mr. Barry, so he had been beaten.

"Oaklegs" worshipped Lem because of Lem's clothes, because he smoked big cigars,

talked loudly about betting, and posed as a thoroughbred city sport. Also, because he was not too proud to tell his big stories to boys. Tucker, who had few friends among the grown population of the town, was not insensible to the lad's admiration, and allowed him to run his errands, harness his—or, rather, his father's—horse, and bask at odd moments in the sunshine of his presence.

This evening "Oaklegs" was in high spirits as he sauntered down the main street to the post-office. The next Sunday was "Camp-meetin' Day" over at Harniss, and to go to camp-meeting and take Gertie had long been his most cherished dream. Week in and week out he had pleaded with Tucker to lend him the "hoss an' buggy" for the occasion, and had always been refused. But yesterday Lem had needed him to run a three-mile errand, and when he asked, once more, if he might "take the hoss an' buggy fer next Sunday," the answer had been, "Ya-as; I guess so."

That was enough. In half an hour he was around behind Miss Baker's father's barn whistling "Clementine" at top pitch. When the young lady appeared in answer to the signal, the invitation was tendered and accepted, with the qualification, "If ma'll let me."

Now, to-night, he had again seen his adored and she had told him, "Ma says I can go if you don't have a fast horse and we don't stay more'n an hour."

So the jubilant "Oaklegs" strutted like a peacock and whistled "Clementine" all the way to the post-office. The mail was sorted and he received the contents of the family box, two incubator circulars and the Cape Cod *Item*. Then he sauntered across the street and entered the door of Web Saunders' billiard saloon. There was a large sign which read "No Minors Admitted," but "Oaklegs" paid no more attention to that than Web did. He knew it was there to show the townsfolk that the selectmen were doing their duty.

The usual crowd was playing billiards and pool at the rear of the room, and a large cloud of tobacco smoke and the sound of

several people talking at once told him that the checker boards were in operation. Round the boards were gathered seven or eight ancient mariners, who were discussing the merits and demerits of Mr. Delancey Barry junior's new thirty foot knockabout sailboat, which had been towed down from Boston and anchored in the harbor the day before. Whether or not the practice of giving orders in rough weather affects the vocal organs until shouting becomes a habit, we cannot say. Certain it is that each opinion was given at the top of its backer's voice.

The general thought seemed to be that, while the *Scudaway*—that was the knockabout's name—might be well enough on a pond or in a light breeze, with "any kind of a wind" she would be out-sailed by a Cape Cod catboat.

"She's too skimmin'-dishy!" declared Captain Jonadab Baxter. "She don't look ter me ter have the backbone of a good 'cat.' She ain't——"

"She may be all right goin' afore the wind," broke in Captain Eri Hedge, emphasizing his remarks by thumps on the checkerboard, "but you take her on a beat ter wind'ard and then where'll she be? She can't foot it with a catboat! That's my opinion—take it or leave it; she can't foot it!"

"Stop poundin' the board, Eri!" expostulated Barzilla Wingate. "Can't yer talk without knockin' the checkers plumb ter Guinea? I had you licked, and now I dunno where we be. What d'yer——"

"Them things is toys! That's what they be, toys!" cried Obed Nickerson, referring to the knockabout. "Now, one of our Cape fishin' boats is made fer work, and she'll take her share, don't make no odds if it's blowin' like——"



"... the invitation was tendered and was accepted with the qualification, 'If ma'll let me.'"

Just here Mr. Nickerson was interrupted by some one else who had an opinion which he wished to deliver while it was hot, and the conversation took the form of a duet, each participant trying to out-shout the other. When both had had their say they stopped, and silence fell with the suddenness that follows the shutting off of a steam whistle. Then Captain Jerry Burgess said:

"Ily Tucker is makin' his brags that she's the only boat ever was built. Says she was put up by them fellers who build cup defenders and that she can lick anything her size afloat."

"Bosh!" sneered Captain Jonadab. "Ily's been so puffed up sence he got that sup'rintendent's job over ter Barry's that he can't rest easy. Mebbe this new boat ain't much good—I don't

think she is, myself, but she's too good fer him, anyhow. It's a shame Burns didn't git that job."

"Sup'rintendent!" ejaculated Obed. "I wouldn't have Ily Tucker sup'rintend my hen-house. I got too much respect fer the hens. Tucker needs takin' down a peg; that's what he needs!"

"Oaklegs" had listened to the abuse of his idol with smothered indignation, and might have been tempted to protest against

it, had not a stir at the door announced the arrival of Mr. Tucker himself.

As tennis was rapidly dying and golf coming in, Lem, in accordance with his reminiscent custom, was arrayed in a brand-new and gorgeous striped blazer and cap to match and wore a wide sash around his waist.

He strutted through the room, with the striped cap tilted down toward one eye and a big cigar tilted up toward the other. He vouchsafed a few "How are yers?" to the billiard players and, coming up behind Captain Jonadab, pushed that gentleman's hat over his eyes and saluted him with:

"Hello, Jone! how yer knockin' 'em? Yer want ter tie on that beaver of yours when yer go home ter-night, 'cause it's blowin' pretty stiff outside; did yer know it?"

"Well," grunted Captain Baxter, setting the insulted tile straight again, "I notice it's gittin' mighty fresh in here jest now."

"Where d'yer git them kind of cigars, Ily?" inquired Obed, looking curiously at the weed smoked by Mr. Tucker. "Grow 'em yourself?"

The hilarity with which this question was received by the bystanders seemed to ruffle Mr. Tucker a bit. He made no answer but changed the subject by observing:

"Say! I hear you fellers are sayin' that our new knockabout ain't no good, and that a Cape Cod catboat can beat her; is that so?"

"Our new knockabout?" said Captain Jonadab. "Oh! yer mean yours and Barry's! Why, yes, we did say something ter that effect."

Lem changed his cigar to the other side of his mouth and, reaching down into his trousers' pocket, produced a roll of bills that he threw on the table.

"There!" he said, with what he hoped was the bearing of a reckless gambler, "there's twenty dollars that says the *Scudaway* can beat any catboat from here ter Provincetown. Race her where yer will and when yer will. Come! you fellers have talked a whole lot; let's see if yer've got any sand."

No one answered immediately. The billiard players left the tables and came over to see the fun. The critics of the knockabout hesitated. Twenty dollars was a good deal of money.

"Yes!" sneered Mr. Tucker, triumphantly, "that's about what I thought! Talk's cheap, but cash is diff'rent. All right, only don't yer never say nothin' about boats long's yer live."

He gathered up the bills and was turning away when Captain Eri spoke.

"Hold on, Tucker! Is that twenty dollars yours?"

"Mine? 'Course it's mine!"

The captain reached down into his trousers' pocket and, wetting his thumb, counted out upon the table ten one-dollar silver certificates.

"There!" he said. "There's ha'f. Now, Jonadab, do your share."

So Captain Jonadab produced another strapped wallet and counted down the remaining ten dollars.

"Now," said Captain Eri, "this is the bet. We fellers bet you, Tucker, twenty dollars that we can find a boat, a catboat, that'll beat the *Scudaway* in a sailin' race. The course'll be the reg'lar one that the fishin' craft race over in the spring. The trial 'll come off day after ter-morrer. Is that all right?"

Now it was Lem's turn to hesitate.

"All right!" he said, at length, "it's a go!" Then he folded up his twenty dollars and put them in his pocket.

"Hold on, there!" exclaimed Eri. "We'll put the money up with Web Saunders. Here, Web, come here and take charge of these stakes."

It was evident that Lem preferred to hold his own share of the stakes. To tell the truth, the money had been advanced him by his father on the strength of his having received the job at Barry's. He hated to part with it, but reluctantly did so, and Web locked the money up in the cash drawer.

"Well," Mr. Tucker paused to say, as he turned toward the door, "you fellers 'll be a heap wiser in a couple of days. Why, man alive, that knockabout's built by the best boat-builders in the country, and she's jest made fer speed and nothin' else."

"That don't always foller," argued Mr. Wingate. "I've seen boats 'fore now that was built fer speed, but hadn't none in 'em."

"Yes," assented Obed Nickerson, with apparent irrelevancy, "jest as I've seen things built fer cigars that hadn't no ter-backer in 'em."

"Oaklegs" had been a rapt spectator of this sporting scene, and when Lem Tucker went out of the billiard-room he was right at the latter's heels. The prospective sailing master of the *Scudaway* loafed over to the post-office steps and stood talking with some of the hangers-on. In a few moments

word of the wager drifted across and every one was speaking of it.

All the younger generation, and there were some who had been sailors on yachts, expressed the opinion that Lem had a sure thing. They did not hesitate to say that the old fellows were against the knockabout because she was something new and out of their experience. They told Mr. Tucker this, and that gentleman grew more than ever inflated.

There were some boys of about the age of "Oaklegs" on the steps, and "Oaklegs" felt it was time to show these commoners that the great man and he were on terms of intimacy. So he ostentatiously confronted Mr. Tucker and remarked cheerfully:

"It's all right fer Sunday, Lem, I s'pose; hey?"

Now, the friendship of kings is proverbially uncertain. Lem happened, at that moment, to be asking Miss Foster if he might "see her home." If the young lady had said yes, all might have been well, but she answered that she was "engaged," and went away with Ben Bolman. So when "Oaklegs" repeated his inquiry the storm broke, for Mr. Tucker was itching to take revenge on some one for the slight he had just received.

"What's all right fer Sunday?" he snarled.

"Why, you're lendin' me the hoss an' buggy. Yer know yer said I could take it ter go ter camp-meetin'."

"Did I? Well, yer can't!"

"But yer said I could!"

"Well, ye can't, d'yer hear? See here, fellers, the kid wants ter take his best girl ter camp-meetin' like a nice little man. Wants ter take his 'Gertie'! Well, 'Gertie' 'll have ter walk."

Oh, the howl of derisive delight from the crowd! Poor "Oaklegs" blushed like a peony. Then Mr. Tucker's sarcasm turned to wrath. When one is by nature a bully, it is pleasant to have a victim ready to hand.

"Git away from me!" he roared. "What in time are yer always hangin' round me fer? I'm sick of the sight of yer. Toddle along and see 'Gertie'!" And, as the boy did not move fast enough to suit his imperial pleasure, Lem kicked him.

It was not a very hard kick, but it was an expensive one for the kicker.

Poor "Oaklegs" had a bad night. Thinking what he should say to Miss Baker kept him awake for nearly an hour, an unheard-of loss of sleep for a boy. In the morning the question was still unsolved, and his sense of

injury as burning as ever. All his worshiping admiration for Tucker was turned to hatred and an absorbing desire to "get square." After breakfast, he sat on the woodbox and pondered till his mother thought he must be ill, but when she inquired what ailed him he abstractedly answered "Nothin'," and, putting on his straw hat, went out.

Half an hour later he strolled into Elmer Burns' fish-house and found that gentleman mending a net.

"Hello, Sam!" said Mr. Burns, looking up.

"Oaklegs" returned the greeting and perched himself on a mackerel keg. He sat there so long in silence that Elmer felt constrained to ask if he was "disapp'inted in love" or had been speculating and lost his money. Mr. Crowell deigned no reply to these frivolities, but said, suddenly:

"Elmer, who d'yer think is goin' ter win the race ter-morrer?"

"Well, my son," said Mr. Burns, "there aint' goin' ter be no reg'lar race, near's I can figger. There'll be a sort of procession, with the *Scudaway* leadin' off and a catboat some'eres in the rear rank, that's all. Our esteemed and valued feller-citizen, Mr. Ily Lemuel, will be in twenty dollars and the Ancient and Honorables will have that much experience."

"Oaklegs" seemed to turn this prophecy over in his mind and then said:

"Elmer, what's a sea anchor? I heard Captain Burgess tellin' you about a storm he was in off the Horn and they put out a sea anchor. What's one like?"

"Why, it's a kind of drag, weighted at one edge so's 'twill sink a certain depth under water and stand on edge. When a ship wants ter ride out a gale and there's too much depth of water fer the reg'lar anchor, they put one of them things out over the bow. That keeps her head ter the seas all the time."

"Um hum. I thought 'twas somethin' like that. There's ropes at each end, I s'pose. Spose'n there was one of 'em over the stern of a dory, would it keep the dory from goin'?"

"Might, if 'twas big enough. But they don't put 'em over the stern, but over the bow. What makes you so interested in 'em, Sam?"

"Nothin'; I was jest wond'r'in' what they was, that's all."

Mr. Crowell sat on the keg for some time longer, knocking his heels together and

saying nothing. At length he got down and remarked that he "must be goin'."

"Well, so long!" said Mr. Burns. "I'm 'fraid there's somethin' preyin' on your mind. Haven't committed murder, have you? No? Well, there's a couple of bottles of ginger ale over in that corner that them summer boarders left in my boat yesterday. Yer can drown yer sorrows in drink if yer feel like it."

"Oaklegs" felt like it, and poured a bottle of the ginger ale on his sorrows forthwith. Then he departed. All that afternoon he pounded and sawed in his father's tool-house and came in to supper with blistered hands. The next morning Abe Bassett discovered that some one had used his dory in the night and had stolen the anchor rope. And on washing day Mrs. Crowell could not find her flatirons.

The *You and I* was chosen by the backers of the catboat as the craft which should carry their colors to victory. The *Nellie M.* and the *Bay Pride* had many admirers, but the adherents of the *You and I* were in the majority. Lute Ryder, who owned the boat, was to sail her, and Captains Eri and Jonadab were to act as crew and advisory committee.

Lem had chosen Otis Sparrow and Jim McLean to help him navigate the knockabout. The course was to be a five-mile beat to windward, then around the bush buoy and a straight run home.

There was a stiff breeze at the hour of starting. The outer beach showed a black fringe of people, and several sailboats and dories were flying about the judges' boat. On the latter craft were grouped the "Ancient and Honorables," as Elmer Burns called them, all in a state of high excitement.

"It's jest our day and jest our breeze," said Obed Nickerson, looking up at the sky,

"and it'll hold, too. If we don't lick that sculpin ter-day we can't never lick him!"

Obed was to act as starter and had his loaded duck gun over his shoulder.

"Fer the land's sake, be careful of that gun, Obed!" sputtered the nervous Barzilla Wingate. "Fust thing yer know yer'll blow my brains out, and I do want ter live long enough ter see this race out."

"Here comes Ily!" exclaimed Captain Jerry.

The knockabout came slowly around the point at the harbor's mouth and bore down toward the stakeboat.

"She ain't showin' no great speed yit," said Obed.

"More'n likely Ote Sparrer don't mean she shall till he's ready ter have her. He's reelly sailin' her. Lem Tucker don't know enough ter sail a soup kittle."

The *Scudaway* moved up to the starting point, dropped her sails and

anchored. The conditions of the start were that each boat should be under bare poles and anchored when the starting gun was fired. Getting up anchor and hoisting sail was part of the contest.

A great shout greeted the *You and I* as she came in sight. Lute Ryder was at the tiller and Captains Eri and Jonadab were standing beside him, dignified and calm.

"Hello! here's the hearse!" cried Tucker, as the catboat anchored near his craft. Tucker was resplendent in what he fondly imagined was a yachting costume.

"That's all right, Ily," answered Captain Eri. "Yer want ter remember that the hearse always is at the head of the fun'ral procession."

"Are yer both ready?" queried the judge, who was Dr. Sawyer.

"All ready!"

Obed Nickerson's duck gun went off with a roar, and Obed staggered backwards.



"All that afternoon he pounded and sawed in his father's tool-house."

"Blessed if I didn't let off both barrels ter once, and she kicks like a steer!" he exclaimed.

But no one heard him, for the Ancients were jumping up and down, and shrieking instructions to their friends on the catboat.

"Git in that anchor, Eri! Lively! Lively!" "Them critters 'll git ahead of yer, Jone! Hurry!" "Don't go ter sleep, Lute! Put some elbow grease into it!"

The trio on the catboat were working like Trojans, but there was more young blood on the knockabout, and it was telling. The sail on the *You and I* was just climbing the mast when the *Scudaway* swung away for the line. She crossed it amid a chorus of groans from the assemblage on the judge's boat. A moment later the *You and I* followed, and the race had begun.

On board the catboat Lute was at the tiller, Captain Jonadab was tending the sheet, and Captain Eri was forward.

"She got a little mite the best of us on that start, Jone," said the latter, anxiously.

"Yes, but the race ain't over yit. Remember the story 'bout the rabbit and the mud turtle."

The race was not over—indeed, the first tack was not over before it was evident that the *You and I* was gaining. On the next one she crept up and blanketed her rival. Lute was regarding the *Scudaway* with a puzzled expression.

"Is that the best she can do?" he muttered. "Or has Lem got somethin' up his sleeve? We're certainly gainin' on her now."

"I told yer she wan' no good fer footin' it!" cried Eri.

On the next tack the *You and I* crossed the bows of the *Scudaway*. Faint and far from the judge's boat behind her came the sound of a jubilant cheer.

"Say, Lem!" hailed the exultant Baxter, "ketch a rope and we'll tow yer."

"Don't yer want ter fall in behind the hearse?" crowed Eri.

"She sails like a washtub!" commented Lute, still watching the laboring knockabout. "Acts as if she was towin' a string of coal barges. I can't understand it!"

It was evident that the *Scudaway's* crew could not understand it, either. They were hurrying about the deck, tugging at halliards and sheet, and the sounds of loud and abusive language floated over the water. At every tack the *You and I* continued to gain, and when she rounded the bush buoy and stood away for home, Captain Eri gave one

glance at the distant knockabout, and, striding over to his partner, exclaimed:

"Jonadab Baxter, you and me have given Lem Tucker the lickin' he was suff'rin' fer. More'n that, we've made ten good dollars apiece. More'n that, we've demonstrated that a Cape Cod catboat can't be beat by anything her size on top er water. Jonadab, shake!"

And they shook.

And Lute Ryder still muttered, "I can't understand it!"

When the *You and I* crossed the finish line, a good mile ahead, every one howled himself hoarse. Loudest of all, even louder than Obed Nickerson, was a youth that stood on his head in the bottom of a dory and knocked his heels together. This was "Oaklegs."

The *Scudaway* sneaked in and was greeted with a chorus of derisive jeers. Tucker was at her helm and his companions were sitting forward by themselves, seemingly disgusted with the boat and her skipper.

"Hey! the hearse has gone! you're too late fer the fun'ral!" bellowed Captain Jerry.

"Lem, why didn't yer set in the bow and pull on one of them cigars of yours?" queried Mr. Nickerson. "Prob'ly yer could have pulled the boat along with yer."

"Say! that ain't no knockabout; that's a creepabout!" cackled Wingate.

Tucker had bullied too many in his day to receive mercy when his own turn came, so the ridicule continued all the way to the wharf. And there, almost dancing with rage, was no less a person than Mr. Delancey Barry, junior, who had arrived five days before he was expected, and who demanded to know what Mr. Tucker meant by racing his boat without permission.

The next day the news was all over town that Mr. Barry had discharged Tucker and appointed Elmer Burns as superintendent of the estate and sailing master of the *Scudaway*. Mr. Barry was reported to have said that he could forgive Lemuel's using the boat without permission; but he couldn't forgive the way in which he had allowed her to be beaten by a clam-scow.

That forenoon the fortunate Mr. Burns received another call from his friend Crowell. The latter announced that he had dropped in to ask whether Mr. Burns would lend him money enough to hire a horse and buggy on Sunday.

"Why, I don't know, Sam," said the somewhat astonished Burns, "I'd like to



"Yes; 'twas a sea anchor. 'Twas made out of an old soap box and ma's flatirons and some other things.' "

help yer, but I must say I don't see why I should lend yer money! Why don't yer ask some of yer folks?"

"Well," said "Oaklegs," calmly, "I thought, 'slong as I'd done you a favor, mebbe you'd do one fer me. Yer see, yer wouldn't have got your new job if the *Scudaway* hadn't been beat, and she wouldn't have been beat only fer me."

"What?"

"Yes; 'twas a sea anchor. 'Twas made out of an old soap box and ma's flatirons and some other things, and hitched onter the *Scudaway's* rudder post under water. She towed it all through the race. I done it ter git square with Tucker. I'll tell yer all about it. Yer see, I——"

"Hold on! Hold on a minute, Sam!"

gasped the astounded ex-fisherman. Then, after some reflection, he added:

"You can have the hoss an' buggy. Go and hire one at Snow's stable and tell him ter send the bill ter me. But, Sam, don't yer never tell me another word about that other business. I—I don't want ter know nothin' about it."

And, just at that moment, Captain Eri, seated on Web Saunders' billiard table and passing a box of ten-cent cigars about, was saying:

"I tell yer, merit 'll win; merit and honesty! That catboat won because she was an honest boat and didn't have ter depend on no new-fangled tricks and flim-flams. The best boat, like the best man, always comes out ahead. Honesty's always the best policy!"

ESTRANGEMENT

By HENRY CLEVELAND WOOD

One whom I love and cherish tenderly,
Roams alien lands beyond the restless sea.

Another sleeps beneath a mound of grass,
And heeds not when my weary footsteps pass;

While one, though near, is further yet from me,
Than they that dwell beyond the grave and sea.



The Main Floor.

GREAT TYPES OF MODERN BUSINESS

IV.—DEPARTMENT STORES

By H. E. ARMSTRONG

"PLENTY of room up here!" said the superintendent of the Department Store, with an inflection of pride in his voice.

We were on the roof of the great building, almost two hundred feet above Sixth Avenue, and the roar of street traffic came to us subdued and harmonized by distance. The roof space seemed to be large enough for a game of baseball, and there would have been room, and to spare, for football.

"What is the area?" said I.

"Four hundred and sixty-five by two hundred and eight feet," replied the superintendent.

No baseball player ever threw a ball four hundred and sixty-five feet. The thought prepared me to see big things.

"Would you like to take a bird's-eye view from the tower?" my guide asked.

As it was my desire to go from pinnacle to cellar of this hive of industry and combination of many businesses, known as the Department Store, I assented.

The panorama repaid the climb up the

winding stairs. Westerly the rock wall of the Palisades, with its fringe of houses losing themselves in the woods of Fort Lee, bounded the view. On the broad tide of the Hudson a fleet of ferryboats plowed the waves between the city and the great railroad terminals on the Jersey shore, and tugs threaded the maze with warning whistles, or laboriously bucked the current with a string of canal boats tandem style. South, east and north, as far as the eye could see, the city stretched away with its bewildering piles of brick and stone, its handsome facades and monotony of fronts, its clock towers and steeples, its inharmonious color tones, and its uplifted and tawdry advertising signs, producing an effect of immensity which was enhanced by the sight of the human ants toiling to and fro in the streets. Like bands of steel, the tracks of the elevated gleamed in the sun. A procession of trains rolled up and down, but from this eyrie they were like toy engines and play cars.

"You can look down on your rivals from

here," I said, tentatively to the superintendent.

"That was one of our objects in raising this tower," he said—"it's all in the way of business—a good advertisement, you know. Another object you will probably not guess. Up here the air is pure, and through shafts we draw it down by our electrical machinery to ventilate the building. Yes, we have a good deal of company. You could hardly throw a stone in any direction without hitting a Department Store, and to understand how fierce the competition is you have to be tossed about in the maelstrom. In less than five blocks north and south of this point there are twelve mammoth stores employing from 20,000 to 25,000 people and carrying stock worth \$25,000,000. If you were to add to this sum the value of grounds and buildings, the result would be an investment of \$50,000,000. We estimate our own property, not counting the stock, at \$4,000,000."

"What is land worth on this part of Sixth Avenue, the heart of the Department Store district?"

"I should say that \$10,000 a front foot would not be too high," answered the superintendent.

I verified this estimate later. A piece of land twenty-eight feet on the avenue, and running back over one hundred feet, had cost a Department Store, that wanted to extend its floor space, no less than \$277,000. The rate is somewhat higher now.

Our first visit was to the photograph gallery, which I entered with the idea that it was a device to utilize space more for show and to advertise the resources of the Department Store than to add materially to the profits of the business. But in this I was wrong. The brain that manages one of these big stores is per-

sistently scheming how to make each invested dollar yield so many cents above expenses. No time can be wasted on pretense and experiment. The photograph gallery was a surprise. Seldom does the specialist have quarters so commodious and airy, such an expanse to flood the interior with light, and such select appointments.

From the photograph gallery we passed through a corridor to the greenhouse and conservatory. Tiers of flowering potted plants—immaculate Easter lilies, brilliant geraniums, pink and white azaleas, gorgeous tulips, stately roses, pansies of exquisite color, graceful pinks, and delicate hyacinths, flanked by many varieties of household palms—made a charming picture. Here was a glass-covered interior measuring one hundred by fifty feet, which, by a system of steam pipes, was kept at a uniform temperature through the winter months.

Crossing the roof, we came to the carpenter and paint shop. From ten to thirty men are employed here, according to the season, for no other purpose than to keep the building in repair. No part of it is allowed to be the worse for wear. It is the head carpenter's business to make tours of inspection, and there is always something to be done. The account of labor and materials exceeds \$25,000 a year, but it is prudent economy. The top floor introduced us to the Department Store proper. Its great space was used for the purpose of storing furniture. One could not help thinking what a glorious bonfire this immense stock in a

hundred different compartments would make, but the most elaborate precautions against fire are taken throughout the building. At the first alarm, which could be communicated by one of the seventy telephones, the engine-room wells in the basement, containing



The Photograph Gallery.

60,000 gallons of water, would be available to feed the hose distributed about the building. In case more water were needed there is a reserve supply of 120,000 gallons in a tank on the roof. At night each floor is patrolled. It may be doubted whether the services of the fire department would ever be needed to extinguish a blaze. The furniture salesroom is on the third floor, which it monopolizes, if the advertising department and the buyers' office be excepted, and they occupy a mere fringe of space. A buyer, it should be explained here, is the head of a department, a high-priced and responsible employee. The furniture showroom of a great Department Store, although it contains only samples, is an embarrassment of riches to the customer. Antique furniture and pieces of historic interest are not handled, because it cannot afford the time to search for such treasures, nor can it give space to an article for which quick sales are not assured. Right here it may be said that the profits of the Department Store are individually small but collectively large. A profit of one dollar on a bicycle is considered satisfactory, but only when five thousand are sold. At the same time, all tastes and purses may be suited. You can purchase a grand piano for \$600, or a tin whistle for five cents; a bedroom set for \$300, or a cot for two dollars; a sealskin coat for \$250, or a shirtwaist for fifty cents; a marble naiaid for \$500, or a plaster cast for a dollar; a Sevres service for \$100, or a cup and saucer for a dime.

In descending from the sixth floor, where furniture is stored, to the third, with 120,000 feet square of space, where it is sold, we passed by two of the most interesting floors in the building. One of them—the fifth—is not open to the public, for there is nothing on sale here, and work is done at such high pressure when the employees are not taking their luncheon at a restaurant on this floor, that there must be absolute freedom from interruption. The largest space, one hundred and seventy-five by seventy-five feet, is assigned to the receiving-room, to which all goods purchased by the firm are brought up by the freight elevators. Here the cases are opened and their contents inspected. If the goods are sound and without blemish, they are distributed on call to different departments by basket trucks, of which there are four hundred in the building. Adjoining the receiving-room is a section one hundred by fifty feet, known as the supply department. In the course of a year

six hundred tons of wrapping paper and more than one million feet of twine are used, besides seventy-five thousand bags of all kinds. This department issues everything needed for packing goods and recording sales, auditing accounts and making reports; one thousand delivery boxes a day for suits and cloaks, ten thousand wooden handles for parcels carried away by customers, two hundred and fifty thousand salesbooks and forty-five thousand steel pens a year, forty gallons of mucilage a month, and twelve hundred papers of pins a week. These figures seem fabulous, but they were compiled a year ago, and, if business continues good, will be exceeded in 1901. On this floor also is the mail-order department, the auditing department, with its automatic counting machines valued at from \$600 to \$1,000 each, the crockery storage-room, a laboratory for the preparation of drugs and cosmetics sold on the first floor, a parlor with a piano for employees, and a library for their use in the lunch hour.

When the superintendent showed the way to the fourth floor he remarked:

"You have never seen anything like this in a dry goods store. We think we have here the largest grocery and biggest meat and fish shop in New York."

"As regards stock or sales?"

"Well, I don't know where you'll find a larger display of groceries. It occupies a space one hundred and seventy-five by one hundred and sixty feet packed with show cases and stands. I'm not including the order department, which is one-fifth as large, or the stock room, which is as large again. As to amount of sales, I'm not familiar with the receipts of a grocery store, but we sell fifty bags of coffee a day to retail customers, and we have sold fifty thousand pounds of figs in a fortnight. It is one of the most profitable departments we have."

The fish market, I thought, could not be a very ambitious venture, but the superintendent said that sales of a thousand dollars a day had been recorded. This food floor, as it might be called, occupied a space only limited by the size of the lot on which the building stood, if a room for the sale of birds and animals be excepted, which as an attractive resort for children shared honors with the toy department. The list of animals included monkeys, dogs, cats, rabbits, guinea pigs, squirrels and white rats and mice. Live fish, chiefly gold fish, can always be had, and snakes are occasionally dealt in. The birds comprise all the well-known



A Christmas Spectacle Inside a Department Store.

songsters, domestic and foreign, and birds of tropical plumage for which there is any call.

The lower floors, the first and second, had the appearance of a bazaar or fair, as is the arrangement in any well-regulated Department Store. Here was the ladies' paradise and in the section devoted to toys the children's heaven. Man was not neglected; at some counters his wants were supreme, but

he was not so much in evidence as might have been expected, his wife regarding herself as better qualified to replenish his wardrobe, and having a fine scorn for his ability to select his shirts, collars, gloves and cravats at the ordinary furnishing store without being cheated. As it is to the advantage of the establishment to keep the tide of customers flowing through its aisles from door to door, a study is made of their

convenience in the matter of purchases. Those articles for which there is the greatest demand were for sale on the first floor and near the entrance in the order of that demand.

"How is that for a soda water fountain?" asked the superintendent, with a self-complacency that seemed to be chronic. The

soda water fountain was convenient to the counters most attractive to the ladies. It was certainly a monument to the skill of the manufacturer. Ten white-coated attendants were busy serving a never-dwindling throng of patrons with syrups and ice-cream in tall glasses. It

must be a gold mine. The receipts averaged \$500 a day, said the superintendent, which would be ten thousand customers at five cents a glass. In a basement room below the fountain, to which we descended through a trapdoor, all the syrups were made and the water was distilled and charged.

"If you want to send a telegram to Europe or Hoboken, or to write and mail a letter," said the superintendent, who had to carry so many details in his head and note that all the human machinery in the store was running smoothly, "we have a postal and telegraph office over there. If you want a check cashed, or would like to leave money on deposit to draw interest, or wish to open an account, I can send you to the banking house on the balcony, which, by the way, is a convenience that merchants in the neighborhood avail themselves of."

"Can you sell me a building lot or a riding horse?"

"We haven't gone into real estate yet," he replied, "but we could probably sell you a horse at our stables, and we have everything here that a horse wears and uses. By the way, before leaving this floor, you

might like to buy a library, or get a prescription filled in the drug store. By stepping down to the basement you can have your hair cut or be shaved, or by mounting the grand stairway to the balcony you could get your teeth filled or pulled."

The second floor seemed to belong to woman almost to the exclusion of man. He

might claim an interest in one corner of it set apart for sporting goods, bicycles and horse gear, but elsewhere he had no business. Even his eyes would intrude. His interest would lie only in paying the bills. On this floor the ladies have a handsome parlor



The Conservatory.

to repair to when weary of the strain of shopping, where they can recline on lounges, or rock themselves in easy-chairs. There is also a writing-room for their convenience, or, if faint or indisposed, they may visit the doctor's office. The doctor is one of the busiest men in the building. Every morning the employees who are ill call upon him for examination and medicine. It is no sinecure. The stamping machine on his desk when I looked in there with the superintendent showed that his last patient was 59,393. He had been diagnosing and physicking the establishment for four years.

"I'm going to show you something down here," said the superintendent, leading the way to the basement, "that will open your eyes."

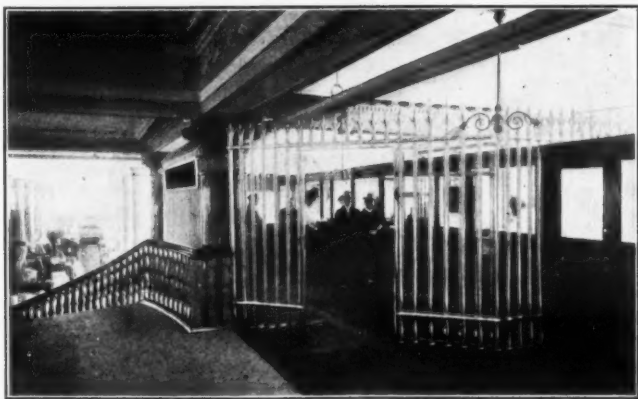
"Busy place, isn't it?" he said, when we stood on the engine-room floor.

At one end was a great switchboard by which the wonderfully intricate electrical apparatus in the building was controlled. Nine dynamos, two of them machines with a capacity of more than two hundred horse power, were moving rhythmically and silently. Thirty-two motors were operated by

their agency. Here the electric lighting and all the mechanical power were generated. The ten passenger and thirteen freight elevators were run from this basement; the telephone batteries were supplied with currents; the carpenters' machines moved; the coffee ground; the butter churn revolved; the sewing-machines started up, and even the dentist's fragile drills set in motion. The electricity ran through one hundred and twenty miles of wire. One of the elevators raised by its power carried a delivery wagon to the sixth floor to be loaded with furniture. It supplied no less than six hundred arc and thirteen thousand incandescent lamps and thirty-six motors in the various departments. In the boiler-room adjoining, three stokers were continually feeding the furnaces with coal, which was wheeled to the doors on a railway leading from a cellar under the sidewalk. In one corner of the basement was the shipping-room. Freight elevators connected it with the upper floors. All the packages for delivery were brought up here; and in the hands of men who worked with tense muscles and nimble fingers were thrown into bins marked with the names of towns, if the goods were to be delivered in the suburbs, and with drivers' numbers if their destination was to be the city. From time to time the bins were run out to the sidewalk, where stood a row of waiting wagons under a projecting roof. At Easter, Thanksgiving and Christmas the shipping-room men, although reinforced, are worked until ready to drop from weariness. For two weeks before Christmas they eat and sleep in the basement from Monday to Saturday. They have some reason to

think their lot is hard, for a dray horse is not called upon for more exertion than they. Perhaps there is one employee who has a better right to revolt. He is the man who takes care of the empty boxes that are shot down into the cellar. It is all he can do when trade is brisk to pitchfork these boxes right and left as they come through the opening. The sweat pours from his brow, and when his language is unprintable, there is warrant for it.

This excursion through a New York Department Store had taken two hours by the clock. It was precious time to the superintendent, who had probably been asked for several times a minute during his absence from the office. He is the most versatile, strenuous and tireless man in the establishment. He hires and discharges employees, and is supposed to know them by sight, and to keep an eye on them. He is a walking encyclopedia of information on every subject. He makes the rounds frequently, listens to complaints, provides a remedy when things go wrong, acts as arbiter, disciplines backsliders, placates customers with grievances, and supervises the state of the building. To him a tour of it was an old story. To the writer, two hours was all too short a time for a survey. A week could have been spent profitably. One could not fail to be impressed with the spaciousness, decorative efforts, light and ventilation. It seemed an ideal place to work in. Even the recesses where women bent over sewing machines or trimmed hats were the antipodes of the sweat shop. On every floor was space to spare, yet in normal times there were three thousand workers under the roof, and at



The Bank.

Christmas more than thirty-five hundred. This elbow room is accounted for when you know that the establishment boasts fifteen acres of space for storing and exhibiting goods, for the convenience of patrons and the comfort of its employees. It embraces no less than seventy departments; its receipts are from \$12,000,000 to \$15,000,000 annually; its advertising bill exceeds \$250,000 a year; more than one hundred thousand customers and visitors pass through its doors each winter day; and it has one hundred and twenty-five delivery wagons. These are big figures, but the Department Store is an aggregation of business concerns, some of which exceed in resources, outlay and income the largest individual enterprises.

This particular establishment looked after the health and welfare of its employees with solicitude, even handsomely, and it was good business policy. Six months' service entitled a clerk or saleswoman to a week's vacation. In case of illness half a week's salary was paid. A benevolent feature was the Employees' Association. For one per cent. of salary paid in every month, each employee received all the medical attendance and medicine required; and in an emergency, such as the birth of a child in the family or a visit to the dentist, could obtain a loan from the treasury, returnable in small installments. In case of death, employees are often buried by the association. Three times as much money is expended as the members pay in. The balance is made up from the proceeds of an annual ball and by a check from the firm. So much for one Department Store, which was selected for description because of the scope and variety of its business.

The Department Store is an evolution of the dry goods store, which exists no longer as an ambitious retail business. One of the greatest Department Stores in the West was the creation of a man who used to exhibit an educated pig in a traveling circus. When his estate was probated it was appraised at \$15,000,000. This man opened a small dry goods store in Chicago and annexed one business after another in his neighborhood, until he owned what some declare was the first Department Store in America. However that may be, the idea is older in England and France. When a concern which is half dry goods and half Department Store "assigns" nowadays or "finances," its evolution has probably been arrested by a notion of the firm that to sell groceries, or

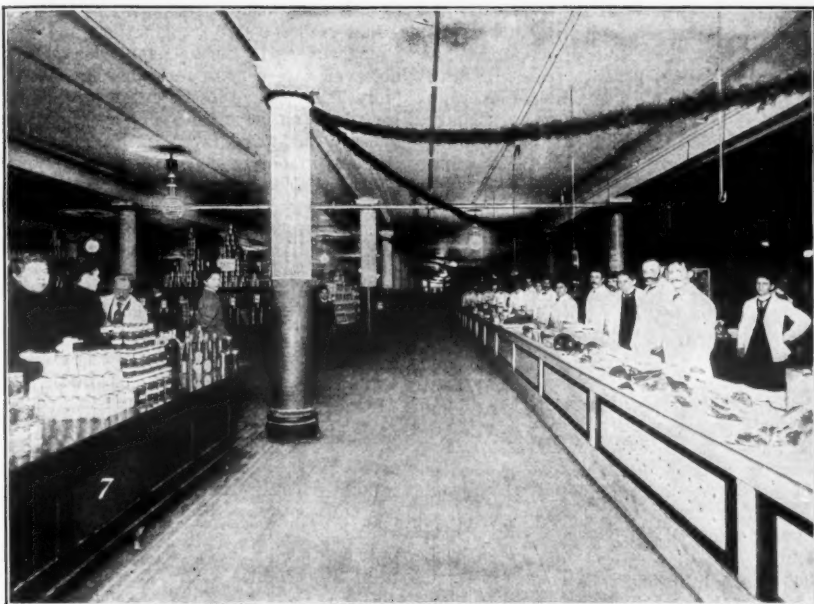
toys or books, is "yellow," that is to say, sensational.

"We don't sell tin cans," said a merchant to the writer, contemptuously. He had in mind a loudly advertising firm that went in for all kinds of household utensils. Yet he admitted that a retail store which should try to sell nothing but dry goods would have to go to the wall. His own store had branched out, but to add certain departments was a delicate matter. There might be money in them, but appearances had to be considered. By indifference to such scruples the thorough-paced Department Store attracts the crowd and turns over its stock quickly.

In what is still called the dry goods district in New York, the nine blocks on Sixth Avenue between Fourteenth and Twenty-third Streets and on those streets between Sixth and Fifth Avenues, there are about fifteen Department Stores.

They may be grouped into three classes: The conservative, that claim quality in their goods, ask the highest prices and attract the patronage of people of wealth and taste—it is only recently that these stores have embraced the bargain counter idea; the freely advertising store, which isn't so nice about its patronage, or so slow to add new features; and the concern that puts on no airs, invites everybody to come in whether she wants to purchase or not, and which will buy or sell anything, be it snakes or monkeys, valentines or toy balloons, that promises a profit. This last enterprise is the department store idea worked out audaciously to its limit. But there is method in the audacity, or it would fail.

The Department Store of whatever kind or class is an aggregation of many businesses over which the firm exercises only supervision. Each department, whether dress goods, millinery, shoes, toys, or clothing, is in charge of an employee known as the buyer. He is well paid, sometimes receiving a salary of \$15,000 a year. He buys from the manufacturer or from the jobber, usually consulting the manager of the store, who is often one of the firm, when he contemplates giving a large order. Every day or so the buyer calls on the advertising agent in his office, and tells him what goods he would like to advertise conspicuously and what their merits and prices are. The advertising agent also commands a handsome salary, ranging from \$5,000 to \$15,000. If he knows how to make the public read his display type and his little essays



The Grocery and Meat Department.

with a relish he is worth his weight in gold. The buyer is not tied down to the store, but is responsible for the management of his department; he must see that goods are temptingly displayed, and he must report stock and sales frequently. If his receipts and profits are not up to the percentage desired by the manager he is urged to do better, and failing to please must give way to a smarter man. In some stores department space is rented, but the plan is not much in favor.

The credit man occupies a very responsible position in the establishment, and is well paid. It is his business to know whom to trust, and when to stop a customer's credit. There is a Retail Protective Association in all the large cities which sends him reports of the commercial rating, the social standing and the financial troubles of men whose wives and daughters patronize the Department Stores. But he is expected to use his wits, and when he reads in his morning newspaper that Mr. Coupon has been examined in supplementary proceedings, or is giving entertainments that he knows to be beyond his means, or is selling his picture gallery at auction, the credit man, although the duty may be unpleasant, must suavely

give Mrs. Coupon to understand that he is aware of her husband's embarrassments, hence— Well, the lady usually takes the hint.

The window-dresser is an indispensable man in the Department Store, as any one with half an eye may know by gazing into its plate-glass windows. He must be a specialist in the knack of contriving happy effects of color, and must know the uses of every article he is called upon to display, and keep up with the fashions. One day he may have to show a parlor furnished with antique pieces, or a Fifth Avenue lady's boudoir, and the next day the latest things in walking-costumes, parasols and bonnets. He must have versatility, taste and originality. A good window-dresser earns from twenty-five to seventy-five dollars a week.

Next in emolument to the buyer, who is sometimes a woman—the buyer of millinery, for instance—is the superintendent. He may be, however, a bigger man than the buyer; that depends upon individuality. The superintendent of one of the New York stores arrives every morning in a carriage drawn by a handsome pair of chestnuts. A useful man is the floor-walker, who is always expected to dress well, look pleasant,

keep his temper, be civil to everybody, including the salesmen and girls, and direct patrons to the utmost ends of the store. A capable floor-walker receives from fifteen to thirty dollars a week. The salesmen average ten dollars; and the women and girls six, except in the cloak, millinery, suit and glove departments, where they sometimes command as much as the men. In a Department Store, the proportion of females to male employees is as two to one. Pretty girls are not always at a premium, especially if they are vain and fond of attention. A plain, hard-working girl makes a better return for the money invested. In the cloak department young women with good figures are always in demand. The girls have to dress in black in most of the big stores. The time of all employees is taken when they begin the day's work, usually by a timekeeper, who knows them by sight and keeps the record in a book. Fines are imposed for unpunctuality. In some establishments the clerical force register their own time by dropping a numbered card into a slot in a machine that stamps the card and files it away. The ordinary run of salesmen and girls have but scant education, and find their level where they begin. Nevertheless, it is doubtful whether they get a fair return in money for their labor. That is a question that co-operation might settle. Among the shop girls in the drygoods district there is a social caste, the girls in the class No. 1 store, as given above, looking down with hauteur on their sisters in Nos. 2, 3 and 4. The girl in No. 1 gets better pay, has more holidays, and at Christmas time may not have to work in the evening.

The Department Store studies to please, and is careful not to offend. Even the shop lifter is handled gingerly, except when the evidence against her is conclusive, and the kleptomaniac is saved from disgrace by a warning to her family not to let the offense occur again. There is never a public exposure or a violent scene. The suspect is taken to a private room, taxed with the theft on the statement of the store detective, and searched only when he is positive of her guilt. A blunder in the case of a woman whose friends could rouse the press to protest would hurt the firm more than an embezzlement by a trusted employee. In its desire to please, the Department Store allows a wide latitude in the exchange of purchases. It is not necessary to enter into a long explanation of why the article is not wanted. It may be imperfect, or not of the

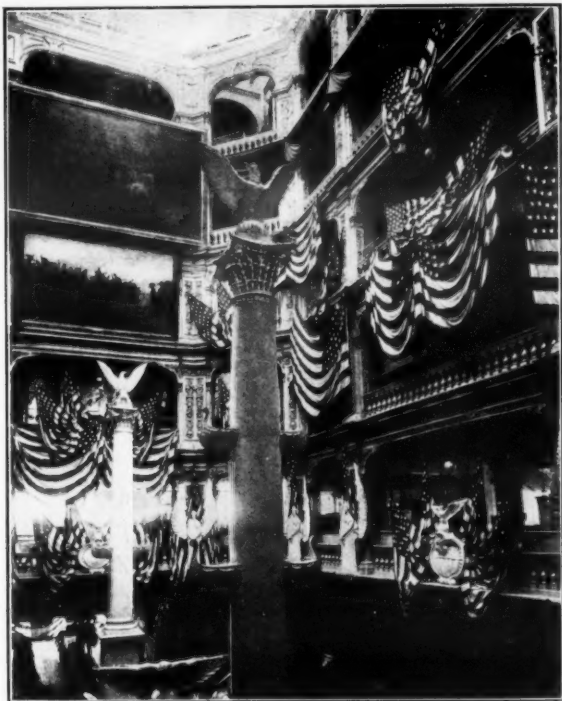
exact shade asked for, but the salesman would rather waive explanations and send your package to the exchange desk. It is not even necessary to carry or send it to the store. If you live in the city it will be sent for, and the substitute delivered at your house. One great store in Brooklyn is so anxious to oblige that it will send an article, no matter how insignificant, a hundred miles free of charge; but the general rule is that purchases must amount to the value of five dollars to be delivered beyond the limit of the wagon route. Most of the stores send samples of dress material on application. Don't delude yourself with the idea that these are odds and ends that are tossed to you as a bait. It is the custom to set aside a certain quantity of dress goods to be cut into little squares and tagged with the price per yard. In the course of a year the value of material amounts to a sum that would pay a good many wages; add the cost of labor and postage stamps, and the whole expense is by no means a drop in the bucket.

It is difficult to say what are the profits of a Department Store carrying a stock worth \$2,000,000. It depends chiefly upon its cash resources and credit. If the firm has unlimited command of money, a long-headed manager and a clever advertising agent, the business is a gold mine, for big stocks can be bought cheap and by tempting advertising sold rapidly. The firm with average resources is doing well if it derives five per cent. on the investment.

A prosperous store will turn over its stock five or six times in the course of a year, and without issuing catalogues or doing a mail order business. Mail orders are not cultivated so much now as formerly, because each city of fifty thousand inhabitants has its own Department Store to-day. The catalogue is expensive, and some managers say it is better to advertise in the daily papers. Politicians have heaped abuse on the Department Store for an obvious reason. They charge that it ruins the small shopkeeper and makes a vassal of him at starvation wages. One point of view is to consider whether the buyers and the other big salaried men would have an income as large if they had set up in business for themselves. Is it better for a man to be a floor-walker at thirty dollars a week, with a chance to become a buyer or superintendent, or to be struggling along as the proprietor of a small dry goods store in Harlem? If it is true that ninety-five per cent. of tradesmen

fail in business, the Department Store is not an unalloyed evil for its employees. It will hardly do to say that no man can rise to the top because the day of building up a Department Store from a small business is past. There is an energetic merchant on

delivery system was very primitive. The concern represents the true evolution, for it does business at the old stand. Another merchant, now the proprietor of one of the most handsome and flourishing stores on the avenue, used to be a floor-walker in a



Fourth of July Decorations.

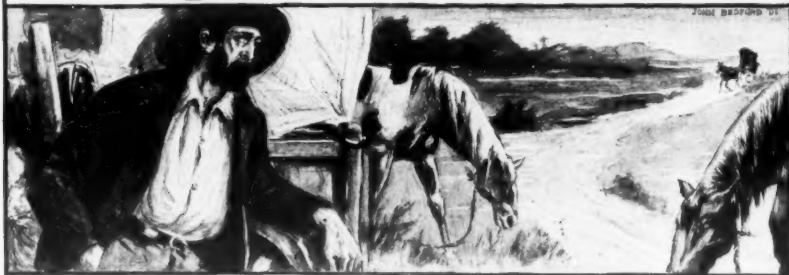
Fulton Street, Brooklyn, who had a little thread store there a few years ago, and is now half way up the Department Store ladder. His rise has excited the notice of the big men, and they see in him a coming rival. Nearly all big Department Stores, by the way, have had small beginnings. A well-known "merchant prince," one of the pioneers in the business, skated on very thin credit ice in his early days, and escaped disaster by a bold front and a glib tongue. His autobiography would make interesting reading. There are several firms on Sixth Avenue that have grown like the tree from the mustard seed of parable. The head of one firm lived over his small linen store not a great many years ago, and his

human hair and trimming shop on Canal Street. Another is a graduate from the Bowery, and his store is distinctly fashionable. A progressive firm owed its initial success to the wit and industry of the mother of the present partners when their father dealt in dry goods on Eighth Avenue.

There has been some talk of forming trusts in the Department Store business. When I asked one of the promoters of the Associated Merchants' Company whether the trust idea was feasible, he replied:

"Absolutely out of the question, for the business is colossal and no combination of capital could control it. But there may be such a thing as a financing arrangement to reduce and simplify accounts."

The Spotted Broncho



BY WALT MASON

"STRANGER, let me sell you a hoss. I'll give you such a bargain you'll talk about it all your born days."

The speaker, a tall, melancholy man in ragged garments, was leaning against the wheel of his canvas-covered wagon. His horses were lariat-ed on the roadside, cropping the dusty grass. Several sore-footed, lean dogs lay under the wagon, panting. The canvas of the vehicle was closely drawn, and from within came the sound of moaning and sobbing.

The stranger alighted from his buggy and cast a knowing glance over the weary, bony horses.

"Which hoss d'ye want to sell?" he asked.

"The spotted one; and a better chunk of hossflesh wasn't ever done up in hide. Sure, he looks a little tough now; been on the road all the way from Oklahoma, and mighty little grain for him. But he's sound as a bullet and'll work any place you put him; single or double, don't make no difference. Hate to part with him, and that's a fact. Got to, though."

"He's curbed in that off hind leg."

"Just a little; don't hurt him none. You can blister that curb off in ten days."

"He's too long in the back to suit me."

"Any hoss looks long-j'inted when he's poor. Tell you, stranger, if it wasn't for hard luck, fifty dollars wouldn't touch him. I've got to have money."

"Who's cryin' in that wagon?"

"The woman. Gimme fifteen dollars for the pony and he's yourn."

"I'll give you ten. That's more'n he's wuth; he's old enough to vote, and he's

bunged up in front, and no good anywhere. But he's an odd lookin' critter with them black and white spots, and I'd like to have him for my boy. I'd like to have him ten dollars' wuth; no more— Say, what's that woman in there takin' on so for?"

"She's in trouble— I'll split the difference, stranger; gimme twelve and a half and take the hoss. In a week you won't take fifty for him. I got to have the money, that's why I sell."

"I won't give more'n ten; but say, that woman must be sufferin' awful. What is the matter?"

"Come and see."

He pulled the canvas apart at the rear end of the wagon, and stepped aside that the stranger might look in. A woman was weeping and wringing her hands over a child's form lying on a pile of horse blankets. The face of the child was drawn and white, but peaceful. The woman looked at the stranger with stony, unseeing eyes, and wailed. The stranger stepped back reverently and closed the canvas.

"Poor thing!" he whispered. "How long has the child been dead?"

"Two hours," said the melancholy man, in a broken voice. "The last of three; they all died on the road. I want to buy—a coffin—"

"I sorter think," said the stranger, choking slightly, "I sorter think that spotted broncho is just what my boy needs. Twenty-five dollars was your price, wasn't it? Well, I've sold a lot of hogs to-day, and I guess I can afford it. Here's your money. I'll just lead the blame beast home behind my buggy. So long."

AN ADVENTURE OF MRS. MACKENZIE'S

BEING A VARIATION ON A THEME OF THACKERAY'S

By DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

"Oh, it's just seraphic!" says the widow. "It's just the breath of incense, and the pealing of the organ at the Cathedral at Montreal. Rosey doesn't remember Montreal. She was a wee, wee child. She was born on the voyage out, and christened at sea. You remember, Goby."

"Gad, I promised and vowed to teach her her catechism; but gad I haven't," says Captain Goby. "We were between Montreal and Quebec for three years with the Hundredth, the Hundred and Twentieth Highlanders and the Twenty-third Dragoon Guards a part of the time; Fipley commanded them, and a very jolly time we had. Much better than the West Indies, where a fellow's liver goes to the deuce with hot pickles and sangaree. Mackenzie was a devilish wild fellow," whispers Captain Goby to his neighbor (the present biographer indeed.) "and Mrs. Mack was—as was as pretty a little woman as ever you set your eyes on." (Captain Goby winks, and looks peculiarly sly as he makes this statement.) "Our regiment wasn't on your side of India, Colonel."—THE NEWCOMES.—Chap. XXIII.

EVERY one, from the Chief Justice, who was on his way to Chambers and who had as keen an eye (the sly old dog) for a pretty woman as any one on the Bench, to Jean Baptiste, the carriole driver, gazed after the trim little figure as it flitted across the Haymarket and turned down Saint James Street, in the City of Montreal. The old Justice thumped his heavy cane upon the ice and damned his eyes if he ever saw a more enchanting vision.

"That must be Mrs. Mackenzie," he says to himself, "wife of that devil of a Captain Mackenzie, of the —th. How these officers do play the devil with the women. What difference is there between a bag-wig and a small sword and a red coat and a pair of spurs? Yet I'm dashed if a pretty girl wouldn't turn her back on the one and run after the other."

Jean Baptiste, enveloped in his bearskin coat, suspended, for a



"Every one . . . gazed after the trim little figure."

moment, the operation of lighting his pipe and grunted to himself with a sort of ursine satisfaction as he compared the yacht-like lines of the receding figure with the barge-like amplitude of his own "bonne femme." If the latter had not that very morning denied Jean Baptiste the twenty-five sous necessary to purchase a twist of native tobacco, and if he had not tried for the fifth time to extract a little more smoke from his already burnt out pipe, his reflections might not have been quite so acrimonious.

While these unspoken comments were in progress, Mrs. Mackenzie—for it was indeed she, as the Chief Justice had opined—continued her course down St. James Street, pausing now and then to gaze in at a shop window. She was dressed in a skirt of green cloth, closely fitted to her figure, and trimmed about the skirt and bodice with strips of Russian sable.

Her dainty head was crowned by a jaunty cap of the same rich fur, set off in a coquettish way, with the tails of the little beasts—and in her hand she carried a muff of ample depth and fullness, in which the choicest skins gave an effect of unsurpassable richness and beauty. The muff Mrs. Mackenzie handled with the greatest effect, now nestling her little face in it until nothing but the arch eyes glanced out over the sable, like stars from the edge of a cloud, now holding it to one dainty ear, while her glances dropped upon the snow, only to flash up again with renewed brilliance, which they seemed to have borrowed, somehow, from the sparkling crystals upon which they had gazed. These sables and their wearer formed the subject of many a malicious comment by Mrs. Bagg, wife of Captain Bagg of the —th, who was a lady of uncertain age and ample proportions, and whose sinister aspect was heightened by a drooping eyelid and strands of hair which reminded the beholder of that molasses candy which French-Canadian children call *latire*.

Mrs. Bagg averred—and with what justice we will leave our readers to decide—that if it had not been for M. Antoine Sabervois, the above-mentioned sables would never have adorned the *petite* person of Mrs. Mackenzie; that for her part she thought it a burning shame and disgrace; that there should be a law against such proceedings; that she would rather wear catskin than accept ignominy in the shape of Russian sables from the hand of the richest Nor'wester that ever breathed; that every one knew where they came from, and what Mrs. Mackenzie was, for every one knew what was Captain Mackenzie's pay and that he had no private fortune and was naught else but a profligate and a wild, gambling, good-for-nothing fellow, with much more to the same tune.

Happily, we are not obliged to believe this alarming tale of Mrs. Bagg's, for Mrs. Mackenzie more than once hinted that she had a rich brother in India.

"A half-brother, my dear, Mr. James Binnie, who is as rich as a rajah and as generous as he is rich, and is so fond of his little sister, whom he hardly knew, for she was an infant in arms when he went away to India—so fond of her, my dear, that he would pour out his wealth at her feet like a river if she were even to hint at the straits to which she is sometimes put on account of the way poor dear Mackenzie goes on.

Even as it is, he is the most generous of brothers."

So, as it frequently happens in life, we may take our choice of the stories for the best or the worst.

Mrs. Mackenzie proceeded down St. James Street until she came to the corner of the Place d'Armes, where she turned to the right, crossed the road and went toward Notre Dame Street. At the corner of that street she paused a moment as if undecided which direction to take; then she crossed to the gateway of the seminary, and strolled toward the Parish Church, with many an attractive little feminine movement. Mounting the steps, she had soon advanced along the path and disappeared beneath the frowning portal of the church.

Mrs. Mackenzie might often be seen to seek the solitude of the great spaces of Notre Dame, and she had already attracted the attention of at least one of the fathers on his way to the confessional, and he, who had means of knowing every soul in the city, at once heard of Mrs. Mackenzie—her position and antecedents. He even heard of the Russian sables, as the old fellow who carted away the ashes from the house had a friend who was a relative of the cook at Captain Bagg's. So are our affairs inextricably involved, warp and woof, making the pattern called life, and through all flies the clacking shuttle of gossip. Mrs. Mackenzie loved the cool, deep glooms of the great church, with candles burning in the dusky chapel dedicated to strange saints, and the wall-spaces hung with glowing pictures of Our Lord's Passion. She loved the immense, enclosed space in whose altitude, it seemed, the stars might swing; she loved to watch the quiet movements of the acolytes bound on mysterious errands and to hear the voices of choir-boys practicing some ancient cadence in a remote chapel. If she happened to meet M. Antoine Sabervois there it was by the merest accident. M. Antoine having stepped in, devout Catholic that he was, to regulate his conscience, as he himself said, was sometimes surprised and delighted to find Mrs. Mackenzie in the first pew to the left of the altar dedicated to St. Anthony of Padua, his titular saint. But that Mrs. Mackenzie had any motive in her visits to Notre Dame you, fair reader, will not for a moment imagine.

To tell the truth, although Mrs. Mackenzie had been brought up severely under the shadow of the Old Kirk, and had been nurtured upon the amenities of the Shorter

Catechism, and although of a Sabbath she attended the morning service at St. Gabriel Street, much to the spiritual confusion of many of the youths whose eyes found her pink-gloved fingers, holding the psalm book, more attractive than the black-gloved fingers of the Rev. Mr. Blank, she had, nevertheless, that florid and sentimental temperament which demands an outward and visible sign, and whose devotions ascend more readily upon a cloud of incense, through a groined roof and mullioned window to a heaven of glory beyond. She thrilled as the deepest organ pipes thickened the air with their immense vibration imparted even to the insensate woodwork, so that she imagined each haloed saint shaken to his inmost plaster of Paris heart, and even the radiant apostles upon the windows to respire with music and rapture. She rarely left the church, and never when she was alone did she leave it without dipping her dainty fingers in the font of holy water placed near the door for all true believers.

From the seat under the protection of St. Anthony of Padua, where she had been rapt in meditation, she would rise, and with a genuflection before the altar, would pass, with the bearing of one newly sanctified, down the aisle, pausing for a moment to moisten her fingers at the font, and make the sign of the cross, and murmuring the few Latin words in her vocabulary with a devotional sentiment, she would seek the brilliant air and space of the Place d'Armes.

Whatever the vicious Mrs. Bagg may have said to the contrary, upon this particular morning in February, Mrs. Mackenzie had no expectation of seeing the eccentric and captivating M. Antoine Sabervois. She was aware, not by direct information from M. Sabervois himself, for that might imply a

degree of intimacy in no way consonant with fact, that he was out of town, that he had gone to Three Rivers to inquire into a matter of business, and could not possibly return before a week had passed. Mrs.



"You men are all alike, as vain as peacocks."

Mackenzie had her information from M. Sabervois' sister, who was her dear friend, "the incomparable Adrienne," she called her. Adrienne also bore a Scotch name, as she was the widow of Captain Gordon, an officer of a Highland regiment, who had died five years previously of a fox bite, received while hunting. Mrs. Gordon and Mrs. Mackenzie were quite inseparable in spirit, although divided somewhat in presence by the jealousy and violence of Captain Mackenzie, who would not hear of Mrs.

Mackenzie spending an hour with Mrs. Gordon in her brother's fine house on the mountain. Now this was a sore trial to Mrs. Mackenzie, who loved ease and luxurious surroundings—and to whom the atmosphere of the Sabervois manor would have been a welcome relief after the stuffiness of the quarters, the unreasonableness of Mackenzie, and the task of keeping in order the small French-Canadian maid, who looked after the wants of little Rosey. But the captain was inexorable; to Sabervois she was not allowed to go and so her darling Adrienne had to visit her slyly, or they had to resort to voluminous correspondence, many portions of which I have no doubt, would have been of interest to certain inhabitants of *Montreal de ce jour!*

What was Mrs. Mackenzie's surprise, therefore, when she had barely seated herself, buried her face in her muff and glanced upwards to meet, not the benevolent features of St. Anthony of Padua, but the handsome countenance of M. Antoine Sabervois. He had stolen down the aisle softly upon moccasined feet, he was dressed in a trapper costume of buckskin, highly ornamented with figures wrought in silk and beads, which he wore from whim as he donned many strange changes of garment, and had seated himself so silently that Mrs. Mackenzie had not been aware of his advent.

She looked up with a pretty confusion rendered all the more attractive by the flush which spread over her face; then she hid her face in her muff to conceal her agitation, and finally darting a scintillating glance at M. Sabervois, she said, under her breath:

"Why, M. Sabervois, I thought you were at Three Rivers!"

"And so you came here to console yourself during my absence, and to say a little prayer to my patron for my safe return?"

"You men are all alike," she said, "as vain as peacocks. I am sure I was guilty of no other motive than to warm my fingers."

"And does not your muff keep those charming fingers warm?" remarked her companion, with an accent which was certainly curious if that protection had arisen from the bounty of Mr. James Binnie. Mrs. Mackenzie merely gave him one of those arch looks from which her cavalier could take what meaning he pleased.

"To tell the truth," he said, "if it had not been for a lucky accident, I would be in Three Rivers at this moment, instead of talking to the prettiest woman in Canada;

but as chance would have it, I met, half way at the inn, as we changed horses, the very man I was bound to see, and there we transacted our business, and I have just had breakfast at Rasco's."

"And now, Monsieur, you have come to make your devoirs for a safe return. I will not hinder you."

She rose and tried to pass him laughingly.

But after a quarter of an hour they had become so absorbed in their conversation, and Mrs. Mackenzie was so bubbling over with sly laughter and minor expletives of pleasure that they did not heed the approach of Father Champagne, who frowned down upon M. Antoine, whom he had known from his boyhood, and who touched him upon his shoulder as he passed to his confessional, where he was to hear the weary tale of transgressions great and small. It had become apparent to the good father's mind that Madame Mackenzie would never become a convert to his faith.

Captain Goby, one of whose favorite stories over the mess-table was that of the famous encounter between Captain Mackenzie and M. Sabervois, had no knowledge of this *tête-à-tête* in Notre Dame. He came into the plot a little later; but he certainly saw Mrs. Mackenzie that morning leave the cathedral and trip over to McDonald's store in Muir's building opposite, for he was never done expatiating upon her beauties in his richest vocabulary.

"By gad, sir," he would say, "she was a picture, as pretty a little woman as ever you set eyes upon, and that morning with the frost making her eyes dance like Cupid's heels, by gad, sir, she was divine. Little devil that she was, too," the captain would add, with a sly wink, as if satanic qualities in a woman were to be sought after and cherished.

"It was my friend Captain Sabervois, not of Our's, you know, but a militia officer, who came to me about it. Every one in Montreal knew Captain Sabervois. By gad, sir, one of the best fellows that ever drew breath, and a merry devil at that, son of one of those old Nor'westers who made money out of skins and whose company afterwards amalgamated with the Hudson Bay Company. The old Sabervois made money and the young one was lucky enough to hang onto it, although he spent it, too, like wild-fire; threw it around, God bless my soul, as if it were gravel; imported horses and bred them; used to drive down St. Paul Street with three stallions abreast, a white one in

the middle and two jets on the outside, hitched to a damned rickety Russian sleigh which he had got from God knows where. Drive! it was a clear runaway from the start, *habitants' traîneaux*, tradesmen's sleighs, doctor's berlins and all the rest dodging out of the way, him touching his cap as he went, and his sister, Mrs. Gordon, not winking an eyelid, sitting by him as steady as a gunner, by gad! He had a suite of rooms at Rasco's and a house at Lachine, where many a time Sabervois, Chummy Adspeth, Allan Cunningham, McTavish and I used to drive out and play a little quiet game and back in the morning, and a regular palace for that country, built on the mountain, where Mrs. Gordon presided. (Gordon, you remember? Of the —th Highlanders). She seldom went to Bellevue, the place at Lachine. All that I had to do with the matter was to see Adspeth and find out what he and Captain Mack were to do the next night."

Whether Captain Goby was innocent as regards all complicity in the arrangements as he averred, we leave our readers to decide for themselves; but there was a lively rumor current at that time that he was more than interested in Mrs. Gordon, and giving this rumor weight, and adding to it the captain's love of gallantry, it would seem probable that he was more deeply involved in the preliminaries than his own confession would allow.

However that may be, (and by way of digression, gentle reader, did you ever among your acquaintances or friends meet with any one whose responsibility did not stop far short of any vital point in the catastrophe. He or she took an *important* part, of course, was *au courant* of the whole matter, but no taint or suspicion of criminality could in any way be attached to him or her! Whoever gives the gentle, disinterested little push that precipitates a fraud, a quarrel or a marriage, can never be found!) However that may be, Mrs. Mackenzie had a visit from Mrs. Gordon that very next day, and Mrs. Mackenzie packed Marie off with Rosey so that in their narrow quarters nothing need disturb them. There was much confidential chatter, and Mrs. Mackenzie ecstatically pronounced that it would be enchanting, lovely beyond compare, but the captain? And then Mrs. Gordon remarked that Captain Goby ("that dear fellow!" Mrs. Mackenzie interjected), had ascertained from Adspeth that he and Captain Mackenzie were going to drive over to Longueuil on the ice, that Fipley knew they were going

and that if Captain Goby wanted to play out that match at Orr's he had better postpone it for a day.

"Which means, my dear, that they will certainly not return until day after to-morrow."

This may somehow account for the parting between Captain Mackenzie and his lively wife. The former did not often leave the door with such a cheerful parting, so many kisses, such buttoning of gloves, pulling up of collars and down of caps, such wifely counsel as to precautions against colds. Truth to tell, Mrs. Mackenzie oftener complained bitterly and used her vocabulary unstintingly, and told the captain what she thought of him, which, being uncomplimentary, was therefore unpleasant. And he being departed, she gambolled with Rosey and allowed her to pull down her hair, while she rolled the small person over and pretended to bite her, when they both screamed with laughter and made as pretty a picture of innocent frolic as you could wish to see.

About an hour or so after the valiant captain's departure, Mrs. Bagg was convinced that she saw Captain Sabervois' tandem prancing through the street, and, could her eyes deceive her, or did the horses stop at the corner, and did some one jump out of the sleigh and ring Captain Mackenzie's bell, and did a figure, a female figure, closely wrapped, emerge from the house and mount beside the driver? Was the said driver Captain Sabervois himself, was the cloaked figure the fragile Mrs. Mackenzie? Was the messenger and attendant Captain Goby, the hated rival of Captain Bagg?

Mrs. Bagg could not be absolutely certain. She had an outlook only as big as her hand through the frosted pane. To leave that, whip on her jacket and cap, would mean the loss of any information that might be gleaned from the porthole. To rush into the street without their protection would be to court the miseries of influenza, fomentations and floods of tisane. Now, if Mrs. Bagg had let well enough alone she might have enjoyed the delightful uncertainty, which was at the same time a certainty, but she was prompted to send her maid to inquire whether Mrs. Mackenzie would be pleased to come over and have a game of backgammon with her; but she only learned that Mrs. Mackenzie had retired with a splitting headache, upon receipt of which information Mrs. Bagg fell into a confusion.

How these most singular duplications fall out in society it would puzzle the present

chronicler to elucidate, but it is a certainty that at the very moment when Marie reported her mistress as being unable to enjoy the charming society of Mrs. Bagg, she was on the front seat of Captain Sabervois' sleigh, behind two of the finest horses in the colony harnessed in tandem, buried in buffalo robes, and fairly started on the drive to Bellevue.

The moon was high, flooding all the snow with clear light; the air was nimble with particles of frost; there was no cloud in the sky. Captain Goby, who, by the way, was the occupant of the back seat with the fair Mrs. Gordon, used to exult in this drive, and, in fact, in all the winter scenes in Canada.

"By gad, sir, it was sublime, we were actually whirled along to the chiming of bells. Sabervois' leader seemed to dance, so dainty was he upon his hoofs. By my side I had one of the sweetest women in Christendom. Mrs. Mackenzie kept up a chatter like a wren, we laughed and sparkled at nothing. Sabervois made a dashed good pun in English, for a Frenchman, you know, and damn me but I have forgotten it! Mrs. Mackenzie asked him, 'Did you shoot these buffaloes yourself, Captain Sabervois?' and he said something dashed good in reply."

In truth, there was never a more innocent excursion, and do not charge Mrs. Mackenzie, my dear Madam, with any of the sins you avoid so carefully. She had merely run away for a moment, as it were, from the husband, who never spent an evening at home with her, who gambled, who drank much more than was good for him, who was jealous and suspicious. Be candid now, if Mr. Paragon was not the model spouse that all the world knows him to be, if his vices were as thick and vigorous as his virtues, would you not be tempted once in a while to hoodwink his jealousy, and pay off his libertinism by some innocent prank, which might for a moment allow you to feel that you had resumed your maiden independence?

When the party reached Bellevue it had become apparent that some change in the weather was brewing, but no note was taken of such a small matter when the end of the journey was reached with the pleasant light of fire and candle pouring from the windows of the house.

It stood upon the bank of the River St. Lawrence, within sound of the famous Lachine Rapids, surrounded by groups of gnarled pear trees, as old as the colony itself.

M. Sabervois' hospitality was well known, and it was not outshone by the hospitality of a nobleman of France whose guests, under another flag and king, made the chambers ring with their mirth and jollity. Mrs. Mackenzie was delighted with everything she saw; she was shown over the old house from the vaults where the furs used to be stored, which were as strong as dungeons, to the attic, with its deep dormers and low, broad chambers under the roof. Each room was crowded with curios brought from every district of the North, from Ungava to Fraser River, trophies of the chase, and articles the possession of which made the old house the envy of continental museums.

It would be a mere cataloguing of pleasures to set down all that was said and done between nine of the clock and twelve on that memorable evening. The redoubtable Captain Goby could never remember half of it; his recollections met an insurmountable barrier at the supper, an exploit of M. Sabervois' French cook. After that, affairs merely floated indistinctly in a mist of pleasure.

There was a round or two of *écarté*, of that he was certain, then Mrs. Mackenzie sang divinely to Mrs. Gordon's accompaniment upon an Erard piano, the only one in the colony. Then M. Sabervois and his charming sister sang old French chansons to admiration. Then Mrs. Mackenzie must play a Scotch reel upon the spinet, which had once been caressed by the fingers of no less a person than the Duchesse de Langlois, who gave it to M. Sabervois' grandmother.

Now, if the advice of M. Sabervois had been taken, given when he heard that the wind had risen from the east and was driving the snow in clouds before it, the occurrence which made such a noise in the colony, might never have happened, and this chronicle would never have been written. But no sooner were there any obstacles or difficulties set up between Mrs. Mackenzie and home but she must needs insist upon returning to town that night. In vain were all protestations and counter propositions.

"What would Rosey do?" she appealed to Mrs. Gordon. "What would become of her darling child, left for twenty-four hours to the care of a careless slattern of a maid? How could she ever look the dear innocent in the face again if Marie should allow her to fall and break her nose, or if that odious little Hector Bagg should poke a stick into her eye? Never! She should re-



"Mackenzie had got on an apron like a kitchen wench."

turn to Montreal even if she walked every step of the way."

Whereupon, M. Sabervois ordered the horses to be harnessed at once.

After the storm was over, very early the following morning, the oldest inhabitant of the island failed to remember any such storm in his time. The roads were heaped with many feet of snow, and those running north and south were for days impassable.

Lucky it was for our party of adventurers that there was about three miles from Montreal an inn called "Les Trois Beaux Canards." When they had gone thus far, they could neither go farther nor return; there was nothing for it but to spend the night or until such time as the storm should abate at "Les Trois Beaux Canards."

The reputation of mine host, Gagnon, and his hostelry were not unknown to the ladies, but the case had become one which was neatly fitted by the adage, "Any port in a storm."

"By gad, sir," Captain Goby would say, "we were so smothered in snow that old Gagnon was not cordial to us at all, so I thought. He was a great tun of a fellow, as big as Falstaff; I had never been to his den before, (which the reader may believe or not as he chooses), but it was on the land of Sabervois and he was damned civil when he saw who was head of our party. There was

an air of apprehension about the man which was explained when he drew me aside.

"I have two of your officers, they are *bons garçons*, and they have vowed themselves to have a good time. Mon Dieu! What am I now to do with your parties?"

"So I said, 'And where are the *bons garçons* now?'"

"They are in the *cuisine au large*."

"Whereupon, like a dashed fool, I had to tell the women, and Mrs. Mackenzie laid a wager with me that it was Gibbs and Anstruther. So I went into a little pantry which opened from the dining-room and took all its light from the kitchen through some window arrangements. I had hardly taken in the scene when I heard a little scream by my side, and there was Mrs. Mackenzie. By gad, had stepped upon my chair, and then upon a broad shelf, and was looking through the window with me. We both saw the same sight. There was that damned fool Mackenzie had got on an apron like a kitchen wench, and in his shirtsleeves was dropping croquenoles into a pot of hot grease on the hob. Adspeth, in the same mountebank garb, was turning a spit, where a partridge was roasting, and there were a couple of Marie-Louises, or whatever you call 'em, giggling around those two gay dogs of war!

"Eh, gad, sir, I thought I should burst

with laughter. But Mrs. Mackenzie did not laugh, sir. She turned as pale as a cloth, with pure fury, mind you, and back she goes into the parlor. 'You've won, captain,' she says, as cool as ice; and in a minute or two what does she do? Why, she sits down to a dashed old trap of a piano and began to warble a ballad in her best voice. The rest of the party carried it off, for they knew nothing, but I felt dashed uncomfortable, for I knew that trouble would be brewing.

"By this time those donkeys in the kitchen must have heard that some party had arrived, and like as not Mackenzie had his head out of the kitchen door listening, but madame had not got well into the second verse, 'Our Monarch's hindmost year but ane,' her voice was going as steady as a mill wheel, when in walks Mackenzie, his coat on, his apron gone, and as red as a turkey-cock. Mrs. Mackenzie stopped and turned around when she heard him address Sabervois.

"'So this is the way you take advantage of my absence!' he roared. But Mrs. Mackenzie was upon him like a tiger-cat before the words were well out of his mouth. You can never tell anything about these merry women," said the captain, reflectively, "and Mrs. Mackenzie laid him out about as neatly as it could be done. It was a little family affair, and the lady forgot her manners and spoke awfully plain language.

"She tired herself out and faltered when she saw she had gone too far. Then Mackenzie came in again.

"'Our quarrel we can settle elsewhere. Madame, you must come with me.' And I am damned if she didn't permit herself to be walked off and locked up. Strange cattle, these women."

With which reflection, the captain would pause either to drain or replenish his glass. Captain Goby was the sole person who could or would tell this tale in after years. So far as the present chronicler could gather, it never became apparent why Mackenzie and Adspeth had changed their plans, and had not gone to Longueil. Poor little Adspeth was drowned not long after at the Back River. Mrs. Mackenzie would never refer to it, except in the most general and euphemistic way, and Mrs. Gordon and Sabervois had cogent reasons for not repeating the incidents of a misadventure which grew out of one of the most harmless and innocent of pleasure excursions.

Indeed, M. Sabervois was rather touchy

upon the matter, and was hardly seen in Montreal for two years, as he visited some remote points of the company with Sir George Simpson, and highly resented any reference to his stiff elbow, which considerably interfered with the grace of his carriage, or to the altered handwriting, of which originally he had been vain.

My fair readers will protest that these gentlemen would assuredly not be allowed to present pistols with two such interested ladies as the wife of one and the sister of the other in the company. But we have just seen one marched to custody in the picturesque narrative of Captain Goby, and when he emerged from a conference with Adspeth, Mrs. Gordon had joined her.

"My man," Captain Goby would say, "was willing to do anything in reason to prevent an ugly quarrel, but Mackenzie was bound to have blood. You see, it was no flash-in-the-pan quarrel, but one that had been growing steadily for months, and was to Mackenzie, at least, a serious affair. Sabervois, I believe, had never bothered his head over it. He was the most unthinking devil and had like as not forgotten all about Mackenzie's threats. But now that they were face to face there was hardly a chance of escaping an encounter. Mackenzie and Adspeth were in the outer room, and Sabervois and I were in the little room with the piano. I watched him a moment through the door, and saw by the way he chewed his beard that his bad blood was up.

"'You'll have to fight him,' says I to Sabervois.

"Old Gagnon went from one camp to the other, tearing his hair, and talking broken English.

"'Mon Dieu! Have mercy, gentlemen; do not spill your blood on this little rest-house of 'Les Trois Beaux Canards.' It will be my fall-down, my disgrace, my license they will take him away, the Bishop he will condemn my soul to hell. I am not in order; these excitements, these agitations will kill me; my great flesh is what you call unwholthy; this fat you see comes uncalled for between my meat and my skin. Why will you desolate a poor man?'"

But we must leave the babble of Captain Goby for a moment in order to explain the departure of Mrs. Gordon. Mrs. Mackenzie wishing to have her for an ally, or for a comfort, or merely for a companion in her cell, had pounded on the door and made such a hullabaloo that mine host of "Les Trois Beaux Canards" was compelled to

ascertain what she wanted. It was communicated to Captain Mackenzie that it was Mrs. Gordon that she wanted, whereupon Captain Mackenzie sends the key of the room to Captain Sabervois, who might, if he chose, conduct his sister to the captain's wife. Whereupon, it became necessary, such is the honor of male mortals, for M. Sabervois to turn the key upon both ladies, despite their protestations, and to return it to Captain Mackenzie, by the hand of his own messenger. So that whatever influence the two ladies might have had, fair reader, was neutralized by four walls and a stout deal door.

The preliminaries, in their absence, were neatly arranged by Adspeth and Goby, who were experts in such matters. The snow storm had begun to abate somewhat, and about dawn the sky was clear, except to the northwest, which showed the rear-guard of cloud retreating in heavy black masses. Although it had piled up snow upon the face of the country, the storm had deftly swept the little inn-yard as clear as a floor. In the early light of the morning which fell fresh and pure and cold upon the snow, marking the curve of mound and drift with blue shadows, the two men faced each other. It was once more the petty passions of man displayed before the grand calm of nature.

Such a morning would have furnished the atmosphere for pure austerities, for sublime contemplation. On high one glorious star burned between the coming sun and the receding cloud.



"They stood for a moment in the keen air, bareheaded and stripped to their shirts, and with bare arms."

They stood for a moment in the keen air, bareheaded and stripped to their shirts, and with bare arms. Upon the signal, they fired, their shots ringing sharp in the tense atmosphere.

Captain Sabervois' bullet following his aim, went whistling over the roof of "Les Trois Beaux Canards," to sink harmless somewhere in the snow. But Macken-

zie's weapon had been directed with a different purpose.

Captain Goby was by Sabervois' side in a moment, staunching the drop of blood from his shattered elbow, which had spattered the pure snow where he stood, with crimson drops. Gagnon, the publican, who had been peering from a crack of the door, the pallor of terror upon his face, his enormous bulk shaking like a reed in the wind, his men servants and his maid servants gathered behind him looking over his shoulders or through his arms in terrified curiosity, now rushed out and endeavored to carry M. Sabervois bodily into the house. The captain was, however, well able to walk, and with slight assistance from Goby, regained his quarters in the parlor.

Simultaneously with the shot there was one scream which sounded faintly in the yard, and a dull shock which did not sound there at all. Mrs. Gordon had fainted suddenly and had fallen heavily upon the floor of the chamber. Whatever had passed between the two ladies has never been repeated by either, but the truth remains that from that day onward they were irreconcilable enemies, and it cost Mrs. Mackenzie no little self-denial to treat as a foe one who had surroundings so pleasant, and resources of entertainment so unlimited. But she never even made any attempt at reconciliation, and not long after, the removal of the regiment put such an effort out of her power.

It was but natural that Mrs. Gordon should suffer much trepidation at her brother's danger. Mrs. Mackenzie beneath her merry exterior had an unfailing resource of courage, and although she was sensible of her share of the responsibility in the *dénouement*, and had a double anxiety in that her husband and her friend were each in danger, she never blanched, and Goby always said that it was her promptitude which extracted the party from an untenable situation.

"Here we would have been packed into a little ten-by-ten box of an inn, for God knows how long, as the roads in that colony are sometimes blocked for days, and, as you may imagine, it would have been cursedly unpleasant, if it hadn't been that she insisted on going back to Montreal, forced Mackenzie to get two pairs of snowshoes, and started off with him to walk the three miles over the drifts, like a brick that she was. At first, you know, Sabervois would make light of his wound, and would hear no

word of a doctor, but after an hour or so of agony he let one of Gagnon's men go to the city. He had hardly started before Dr. Bruneau walked in, red in the face from his tramp on snowshoes. (It was two days before the roads were broken, and we could get to the city in our sleighs.) He confided to me afterwards that it was Mrs. Mackenzie who rushed into his office just as he had seated himself at breakfast, and besought him to walk out to "Les Trois Beaux Canards," and save Captain Sabervois, who was dying of a wound received in a fight with Captain Mackenzie.

"Yes, she plumped out the whole story, she knew she could trust Bruneau, and there was no time for lies that morning. Sabervois was not dying of his wound, but he was damned uncomfortable, and showed it, too. With all her faults, the little Mackenzie was a trump in those days, damn me if she wasn't!"

It was with a lively curiosity that Mrs. Bagg beheld Mrs. Mackenzie, who over night, she had been informed, was sick of a headache, and Captain Mackenzie, who was, so Bagg had assured her, gone upon an excursion to Longueuil with that desperate Adspeth, walk peaceably and unitedly down the street, the captain with two pairs of snowshoes over his broad back!

It was long afterwards that she heard the details of the story seriatim. They came to her bit by bit as a child makes up a picture puzzle, but it was not until the fate which shakes us like dice in a box had thrown her together with one of those same handmaidens of "Les Trois Beaux Canards," that she found as it were the key-block which completes the picture.

Then if her mind could have groped into the past so far she might have found some explanation for a matter which had always puzzled her, viz.—the total disappearance after a certain date of the sable furs which had once heightened the beauty of Mrs. Mackenzie.

The present historian, who, of course, knows everything, might repeat an exclamation of Mrs. Mackenzie's to Marie about the same sables which the willing handmaiden was offering for the adornment of her mistress.

"Ugh, take them away, there is blood on them!"

Which, the reader may justly reason, was a curious instance of feminine inconsequence, if the said sables had come through the bounty of Mr. James Binnie.



Ve Rose Studio photo.

Latest Photograph of Mr. Powers.

JAMES T. POWERS, COMEDIAN

By RICHARD DUFFY

THE houses of Twenty-ninth Street between Broadway and Sixth Avenue afford an example of the sawed-off and pieced-in architecture common to New York dwelling streets that have been invaded by business. Unsightly store windows are plastered to what were formerly parlor floors, and the gaudy insignia of smoking-rooms bedaub once dignified brownstone fronts. A few doors from Sixth Avenue, on the north side, is a tall brick house with brownstone trimmings. The man that put it up probably meant to outshine all his neighbors. The tradition of the vain builder is extinct. The broad doorway looks deserted, but it is guarded by a gruff veteran, whose sole aim in life is to keep the world away from the faded, weather-worn doors, the stage entrance of Daly's Theatre.

And now Daly is the tradition there. In the lonesome dark passages to the dressing-rooms you feel your way; and at every step the memories of Daly spring up faster. You think of all you have heard in his praise, and of all the reproaches that have been flung at him. At the foot of an iron

spiral stairway, a Chinese mandarin slips past, staring at you unreally out of his painted face. At the first landing a second Oriental is huddled in the corner. He is munching a piece of sponge cake. Memories begin to fly away.

A voice cries out from you cannot tell where:

"Second act, F'nally! Everybody on stage. Second act, F'nally!"

Standing before the dressing-room to make sure you have the right number, another voice, one you know, comes as from a great distance. There follows a chorus of laughter, that bursts suddenly, then spreads and dies away remote. You have your bearings, now. That was the voice of James T. Powers and the shouts of laughter came from the audience at a matinee of "San Toy."

A few moments later Mr. Powers stepped into the dressing-room. His face seemed to be bathed in perspiration. Maybe it was the vaseline an actor coats his face with, to keep the make-up out of the pores. The grin painted on his mouth, the black lines to give

the almond shape to those Irish blue eyes, and the ridiculous costume impel you to laugh. But the man is as serious as a bank cashier.

"I look rather silly, I suppose, in this get-up," he said. "I'm trying to, that's why I've got it on."

He pulled the queue wig off with a sigh of relief and laid it on the table. He lit a cigar which he smoked in short, quick puffs. He talked rapidly, earnestly. In his voice now and then was a hint of that queer note, that is so funny on the stage when he runs it into falsetto.

"Mr. Daly? A tradition?

Perhaps so. Not many of us, though, can be a tradition when that time comes.

I lost my best friend when Mr. Daly died . . . He was the quickest man I ever

knew to grasp an idea for business or a situation. I believe I am one of the few

he permitted to invent business in a piece. I used some

of my own lyrics in 'The Circus Girl' and 'The Runaway Girl.' Of course, I had always done that, but I liked him better for the way he took it. He was very particular in many things, you know, and he had a right to be.

"During the run of 'La Poupée' I had asked him so many times to put in new business that I began to be ashamed to make any more suggestions. But I had what I thought a bully idea. I walked up to him this day and said: 'Mr. Daly, I had a funny dream last night.' 'Did you? What was it, Powers?' He was as cool as ice-water, but I went on. 'Yes, I dreamt the performance was on, and that in the last act I made my entrance on a donkey.' 'Um, dreamt it, did you?'

"He looked up in the flies, tired-like, the way he always did when he didn't care. I got away in a hurry. But the next day when I came to the theatre I found a donkey ready for me. He had paid two hundred dollars for it, too.

"The hard work of being funny? I suppose every man thinks his work is the hardest. But there's a peculiar thing about musical comedy. Now, in straight comedy a man has a comparatively easy time. The play is built on situations, and they carry

the man through. Every line, even when it's not funny, is interesting on account of the situation. In straight comedy a man may walk in one door and out another. If the situation demands it, he gets screams of laughter. In musical comedy more depends

on the actor. He is usually the author of the funny things he says. He makes up lines, jokes and business. He changes them frequently during the run of the piece. He is always on the lookout for suggestions. He finds them in the street, on a car, in a store, anywhere. There must be lots of them on a desert isle. As I find them I jot them down in my notebook. I can't tell just when I'll use them, but they're handy to have 'round. Did you ever notice the funny ideas that come to you just before you fall asleep? I always jump out and write them down. They'd be forgotten if I waited till morning."

"You're a kind of playwright, then?"

"Hardly, although Mr. Daly had given me a comedy to fix up for his company a little while before he died. But a musical comedy needs twice as much rearranging as an ordinary piece after the first night. Sometimes when it gets going well, all that's left of the original is the skeleton.

"First night? Don't mention it. I always feel as though I was going to be hanged. Of course, you understand, I never have been hanged, but— And a New York first night is the worst of all. Many good actors have a holy dread of it even after the play has been a success on the road.

"You see, there's no telling how the lines and business will take on the first night. That's the worst of it with me. I'm so nervous my face freezes over. It won't work, and while it's not pretty, it has a certain automobile quality that makes it go." He paused automatically, the result of habit, to let the line sink in. "It seems to me the critics oughtn't to judge a comedian by the first night alone. He goes through the piece like a man on trial, all the time hoping to get the audience. The first good laugh they give him, he's as happy as the boy that finds a ripe apple—inside the fence—on his way to Sunday school. There's



James T. Powers at Six Years.
His Brother Augustus on the Left.

only one grain of consolation the whole evening. Twelve o'clock has got to come and then the agony's over.

"Of course I like applause. We all do. It nerves us to better work. Long ago I managed sometimes to do without my salary, but I never could do without applause. There's something I've noticed about audiences, the more stylish they are, the better they treat you. On Monday night, though, all audiences are rather slow. Tuesday they're better, and they improve right along. Saturday's the best night in the week... No, speeches are not in my line. I made one in Philadelphia a couple of seasons ago, when, taking Joe Jefferson's way of hinting delicately at my age, I told them that my first appearance on any stage had been made in that theatre just twenty years ago. 'I was carried on as a baby. And I thank you all on behalf of Managers Stevens & Price, Klaw & Erlanger, Nixon & Zimmerman, Rich & Harris, Daniel & Charles Frohman and Al. Hayman.' By mentioning all these names I got the syndicate in, offended nobody and added to the number of the company—I must go on now.

"Queer thing about a wig," he added, as he clapped it on, "no matter how you plaster your forehead with cosmetic, once you



Platz photo.

CHIP, in "Fun In a Photograph Gallery."

Mr. Powers made his first hit in this part.



Kuebler photo.

CADDY, in "Erminie."

The favorite character photograph of Mr. Powers.

take it off, even if you put it back the next minute, you've got to rub on some more to hide the line. I'll be back right away. Look around the room—papers there, too—see what you think of my art gallery." He laughed. "Anything, you know, to cheer up the dressing-room. By the way, this is where 'Jimmy' Lewis used to be."

There are two windows in the room that look out on a shaft about two yards wide. The other side is a brick wall, rising up as far as you can see. It was a little like being in a well. From above somewhere you could hear the chirping of sparrows. The walls of the room are covered with a motley collection of printed pictures that are as interesting as they are difficult to classify. Quite apart from all the others is an oil portrait of Mrs. Powers, who is known on the stage as Rachel Booth. In one corner way up is a number of the best known members of the Metropolitan Opera House Company. Below them a set of half-tone prints of William Gillette in scenes from "Sherlock Holmes."

Far down in a corner, near the stationary basin, there are two lines of old cigarette pictures. They are photographs of stage celebrities of ten or fifteen years ago. Their names are not seen in print now, save in an occasional obituary.

Over the dressing-table is a bewildering medley of cover sheets of French music hall songs, coon town caricatures, and in the midst a small chromo of a flaming sunset in a mountain canyon. There are scene pictures of pieces in which Mr. Powers has appeared, and pictures of people he has played with. Then there is a physical culture calendar, and some physical culture prints. High up and by themselves are two portraits with mourning borders. One is the picture of Benjamin Harrison, the other of Queen Victoria.

Glancing over them hurriedly, the anarchy of color, form and line almost makes your head reel. When you are accustomed to them and study them piecemeal, it dawns on you that each particular print has been cut out under a particular impulse and stuck to the wall. They remind one of pleasant associations or they raise a laugh. You cannot get a more wholesome pleasure out of any gallery.

If Homer had been born in the Ninth Ward of New York, the seven illustrious cities would never have had occasion to dispute the right to his birthplace. A man born there never says: "I was born in New York," but, "I was born in the Ninth

Ward." Mr. Powers was born in the Ninth Ward, grew up, played, fought and slept in it. He wanted to go on the stage as far back as he can remember. On Saturday mornings—a boy's best morning in the week—he and his younger brother, Augustus, used to practice. They were to be known as the Something-or-Other Brothers when they grew up. Augustus was to be the musical specialist of the pair. He used to

replace the orchestra by the aid of a comb, wrapped in paper, held between his lips, while he drummed on a tin tray with one hand. James sang songs, danced and finished the act in a grand climax of tumbling. They were very cheery about the far future. Augustus could catch any tune on that old comb, and James' elastic, sturdy little body seemed made for tumbling. Then Augustus died suddenly. He was taken sick, of course; was sick a long time; but nobody ever thought he

would die. Why, they were going to be the best team of knockabout comedians in the—

James finished his public school education early so as to become an earning factor in the family. Very little time was spent in considering special aptitudes. The point was, to get a position.

"I was always lucky in getting jobs when I was a boy," Mr. Powers said, "but I was just as unlucky in losing them. Compensation, I suppose. I got so accustomed to hear



Morrison photo.
RACHEL BOOTH, (Mrs. James T. Powers) in "The Runaway Girl."

my doom in the words, 'James, you are discharged!' that from the time I went to work in a place I used to live in expectation. That's a good while ago, but I think if somebody suddenly said those words to me now in the same old way, I'd look for my hat and move on.

"It was just because I was on the wrong track; but I couldn't understand it. Nor could any one else. With every job I got I felt my self-respect decrease. I remember the first place I worked in. It was in a tea company's store over on Grand Street. I had been there about a week when I was told to go down in the cellar and fill a large measure with molasses from a barrel. I put the measure under the spigot and turned it on. You know how swift molasses is. I thought I had time to do anything. I began to practice tumbling. I was just getting nicely limbered, the molasses was moving as slowly as ever, and I took the spring for another tumble——

"When I came to I was lying on the floor almost drowned in molasses. Some of the men were standing around ready to laugh, only the superintendent was there. They showed me the beam against which I must have struck my head, when I asked them what had happened to me. As soon as I could walk they sent me home in my sweetened condition. My new suit of clothes was a wreck, and the next day another boy



Kuchler photo.

JACK POINT, in "Yeomen of the Guard."

brought my pay to the house. The tea company made up their mind to do without me.

"Yes, I was a messenger boy for a while, but I suppose I was too much like the ones you see in comic papers. It doesn't do to be too artistic. Run away to go on the stage? No, sir, I had to go on, my mother forced me to. And she was a sensible woman. But she only decided on this when she came to the conclusion that if I was to dance and tumble my way through life I had better be in a business where dancing and tumbling were in demand. I made my first appearance at the Sans-Souci Garden in Long Branch. I was end man, did a song and dance, a jig dance and a pedestal clog. Sometimes I played in the afterpiece. I slept in a loft over the wings and got four dollars a week. But I was happy. The night of my first appearance I sent two copies of the programme to every relative, friend, acquaintance and enemy I had. I kept about twenty copies of it for myself packed among my things. My name was on it.

"My first New York appearance was at Bleecker Hall with a partner in a song and dance sketch called 'The Rival Lovers.' At one place I had to haul off and hit my partner. When I did hit him in the usual safe way, he staggered back as if reeling



Staley photo.

Rachel Booth and James T. Powers, THE PICKANINIES, in "The Runaway Girl."

from the blow. Somehow or other, he slipped and fell, striking his head with a sickly thud against the proscenium arch. They carried him off. I stepped up to the footlights, not knowing what to say or do. Then I blurted



Falk photo.

BRIQUET, in "The Marquis."

out: 'Ladies and gentlemen, you will have to excuse me if I do not go on with the act. I have killed my partner.' They gave me a great laugh, but, just the same, I was worried. I thought my partner and I were done for.

"Later I got an engagement at Aberle's Theatre in New York. I was cast for romantic parts, only once though, and then I was tried on villains. But I didn't have much show in the heavy line. They had a man in the company named Fennessey. He was unapproachable as an actor of villains. He could yell 'LIAR' louder than any four actors. It was useless for me to compete with him.

"Yes, I was with the circus, too. Travelled from New York to Wyoming with Van Amberg's. I used to dance in the concert, and do a clown act. I got so I could sleep walking, sitting, standing or driving. If a man's troubled with insomnia I don't know a better cure than to travel about 4,000 miles in a circus wagon. Experiences? Why, it wasn't life, it was just a long series of experiences. I was sleeping on the candy van one night when a big wind blew it over a bluff about ninety feet high. They picked me up unconscious, but not much hurt beyond a few scratches. They told me afterwards that I had two sticks of candy in each hand. Of all that happened in those days two things are plainest in my memory. I can never forget the peculiar taste of that circus candy, and yet I can't say just what it was like. And I was homesick, frightfully homesick. You know, I was quite a youngster then."

Mr. Powers made his first hit with Willie Edouin, as *Chip* in "Fun in a Photograph Gallery." Mr. Edouin did a great deal to guide him in his apprentice period. Later he went to England with Mr. Edouin. While in London he played in the Christmas pantomimes "Dick Whittington and His Cat," and "Little Red Riding Hood." Two years after he returned to New York and played in "A Tin Soldier," "A Bunch of Keys" and "A Rag Baby." When Francis Wilson left the Casino to star in comic opera, Mr. Powers was engaged to take his place.

"Mr. Aronson asked to hear me sing," he said, "and I made an appointment with him to meet at the studio of my vocal teacher, Miss Roderick. Her studio was right near the Casino. My teacher and I had decided that I had best be heard first in a tender



Conly photo.

JASPER PHIPPS, in "Walker, London."

ballad called 'Love Comes at Sunset's Hour.' I asked Mr. Aronson to look out the window while I sang because while I had every confidence in my vocal gifts I felt that my face didn't suit the words. And I didn't want him to be prejudiced.

"At the Casino I sang in 'The Marquis,' 'Yeomen of the Guard,' 'Madelon,' 'Erminie' and 'Nadje.' It seems to me my picture as *Caddy* is the best character picture I've ever had. . . . At this time I used to be worried to death for fearing of laughing over my own lines. Of course that would spoil the scene. A friend of mine told me he had a sure cure. When I felt I had to laugh, I was to hold my tongue down on my lower teeth with the tip of my index finger. The first time I tried it, I laughed right out; but afterwards it worked like a charm. I don't know whether I ought to tell you that. Suppose the audience tried it on me?"

It is interesting to observe how the talent of Mr. Powers has been turned variously now into this channel, now into that, accord-

ing to the shifting of public taste. When he made his first hit as *Chip*, a certain school of farce was at the height of popularity. The Vokes were probably the most successful exponents of this form of comic effort. Mr. Powers appeared with this family in "Fun in a Fog" and in "Belles of the Kitchen." Then came Aronson's Golden Age at the Casino, just as the operatic genius of Gilbert & Sullivan was climbing to the zenith. We find Mr. Powers in comic opera.

In the heyday of farce comedy, Mr. Powers became a star. The most profitable pieces in which he played were "A Straight Tip" and "A Mad Bargain." Then he imported "Walker, London." It was a farce comedy dependent largely on local interest, and had been played by Toole in England. The American public couldn't see "Walker, London," and after a time it was withdrawn.

"I was just a few years too early with 'Walker,'" said Mr. Powers, a shadow of regret crossing his face. "The public wasn't ready. You see how they take English comedies now."

The star is always more keen about his failures than when he talks of his triumphs.



Morrison photo.

FLIPPER, in "A Runaway Girl."

A success is an accepted fact, and everybody talks of it. The subject gets talked out. The public forgets a failure, but the actor doesn't. And every time he thinks of it he goes all over the reasoning by which he came to believe in the piece. The merits of it are still plain to him. And though he may find some kind of explanation for its failure, he doesn't quite understand it. He feels toward it as a father feels toward a boy gone wrong. He does not know where to lay the blame, and the disaster is irreparable.

Mr. Powers starred for two years more; but the day of farce comedy was in decline. There had been too much of it. So he

jumped back to comic opera in Oscar Hammerstein's "Santa Maria," and after that joined Mr. Daly's forces. It was generally understood that Mr. Daly's intention was to train Mr. Powers in the path of James Lewis. There is no doubt of the correctness of Mr. Daly's instinct in this instance, for the most admirable quality in the talent of Mr. Powers is the constant evidence of growth.

He has a right to be proud of the position to which he has attained, but apparently he does not exercise it. He has no vanity about his success to-day, just as he is not ashamed of the humble beginnings he had to make. As a comedian, principally devoted to burlesque, he is bound to be complex. His whole nervous system is poised to provoke laughter. He sees the comic grotesque in the simplest things. His face, arms, legs, his whole body serve his antic humor understandingly. In "San Toy" one of his bits of business was an imitation of an Irish policeman. It will be recalled that he was made up as a Chinaman. He turned his back to the audience for a trice, wound the queue quickly around his face like a scrubby beard, and swelled his way across the stage in pose and facial expression a perfect caricature of one of Mr. Devery's most ignorant and offensive underlings.

Of course he is always ridiculous; and it is curious to note that almost all comedians are very sensitive on this point. They do not care how ridiculous they seem to be to the audience when they are in the part; but they have a tiny morbid dread of being considered to be just as scatter-brained in



Sarony photo.

CLOWN, in "The Circus Girl."

private life. Off the stage Mr. Powers is a quiet, unassuming little man, that dresses a good deal in black, which gives him a trace of the cleric in demeanor. He and his wife lead an unpretentious domestic life, free

from any fads or silly notions to be other than what they really are. It is evident that Mr. Powers has great reliance on her judgment from the repressed enthusiasm with which he will quote her opinion. If you want to learn whether a married man is happy, don't ask him. Get an estimate of how far he goes in life by what his wife says.

If a man's business require that he read a great deal, he does not look for recreation in books. So the comedian inclines towards the serious in his amusements. Mr. Powers likes to go to the theatre and naturally prefers serious drama. He considers Sothorn's "Hamlet" the most interesting performance he has seen this year. He reads a great many novels of the day, but his favorite novelist is Dickens. "I always read Dickens if I have a touch of the blues. . . Oh, yes, I get them now and then." One curious observation he made on the author of "Pickwick Papers" was that Dickens describes a dinner better than any novelist he knows.

"During the run of 'Yeomen of the Guard,' I sprained my ankle one night in hopping down two steps. Strange luck, wasn't it, for me? I used to do forty falls in the circus. I was laid up for several weeks, and during all that time I read nothing but Dickens. Whenever I came across a dinner description I'd order precisely the same things for my next dinner. It's great fun if a man's kept to his room with a trouble that doesn't bother his digestion.

"Healthy? Yes, I've always been pretty healthy," and he tapped his dressing-table significantly. "And I can eat anything. You see, I get a lot of exercise in the parts I play. And after every performance I use dumb-bells. My dresser is a physical instructor." He took a pair of boxing gloves out of the bureau and held them up.

"Physical culture is a crime, you know —"

He pointed to the calendar on the wall, which was covered with type out of which

glared in big letters: "Weakness a Crime. Physical Culture."

That is a typical bit of Powers humor. A ridiculous transposition of words, accompanied by a sly glance and a solemn comic gesture, as it were, of the whole body. Say it yourself, and you cannot make it laughable.

"No, you couldn't get me to go on a yacht, except one of about 16,000 tons. Horses? Yes, I like them pretty well, but the elevated is quicker. Whenever I'm on a horse, I feel like a millionaire—better off. Travel's my sport. Mrs. Powers and I spend the best part of our vacation traveling. It's good, too, to get away from home, it freshens your ideas and enables you to dodge the people that think you can be working all the time. One summer we were up in the mountains and became acquainted with several young people at our table. I was having griddle cakes for breakfast this morning, and just as I began to pour the syrup on them, the young lady opposite me burst into a roar of laughter. I laid the jug down in a hurry and put my hand up to my face. I didn't know what

might have happened to me while shaving.

"Mrs. Powers asked the young woman what was the matter.

"He pours it so funny," she fairly screamed, and was off again. I thought of Gilbert's saying that an accepted wit has only to say, 'Pass the mustard, and they roar their ribs out.'

"I've said a good deal about myself, haven't I? Well, the cause is good, I suppose—but if you'd like to get the right figures about me, see Owen, the man at the door. He is the Czar of the house. He wanted to keep Mr. Frohman from coming into his own theatre one day. He's a character, though; used to be A. T. Stewart's bodyguard. He thinks I'm a sham. He said to me once, 'Shure, what do ye do, but leap around as if you was at a picnic of the A. O. H., singing hip-doo-dy-do an' get a thousand dollars a week for't.' Owen's free with salaries. 'An' I'm here



Sarony photo.

Li, in "San Toy."

from eight in the mornin' till half-past eleven at night, using all me natural ability and experience, and what do I get? Psha!"

This is James T. Powers, dancer, knock-about actor, clown, farce comedy star and star in musical comedy. His very talent made him the most unpromising of youngsters. He was never the kind that could have been an altar boy. Put in the proper channels and handled rightly, his gift for

fun has made him a successful man and a delight to thousands. Behind all the uncouth grotesquery of costume, makeup and wig, the soul of this son of Yorick lives, simple, sensitive, honest. He said that the book to which he owes most is Lubbock's "Pleasures of Life"—not a bad short cut to philosophy. And a comedian needs philosophy if any man. The world wants him to make it laugh, no matter how he feels, or the world wants him not at all.

THE FOUNT OF TEARS

By PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

All hot and grimy from the road,
Dust gray from arduous years,
I sat me down and eased my load
Beside the Fount of Tears.

The waters sparkled to my eye,
Calm, crystal-like and cool,
And breathing there a restful sigh,
I bent me to the pool.

When, lo, a voice cried, "Pilgrim, rise,
Harsh tho' the sentence be,
And on to other lands and skies,
This fount is not for thee.

"Pass on, but calm thy needless fears,
Some may not love or sin,
An angel guards the Fount of Tears,
All may not bathe therein."

Then with my burden on my back,
I turned to gaze awhile,
First at the uninviting track,
Then at the water's smile.

And so I go upon my way,
Thro'out the sultry years,
But pause no more by night, by day,
Beside the Fount of Tears.

THE BURGLARS AT MISS CAMP'S

By

FRANCES WILSON

SOME folks have said I was dreaming, and some have said 'twas all imagination. As for its being a dream, I was up and wide awake as I ever was in my life—I should think so! And as for the talk of imagination, I ain't an imaginative person, and never was, and I guess 'twould take a sight of imagination to conjure up a thing like that. I'll tell you all about it, and you can believe what you've a mind to. If you don't say it's a queer story—

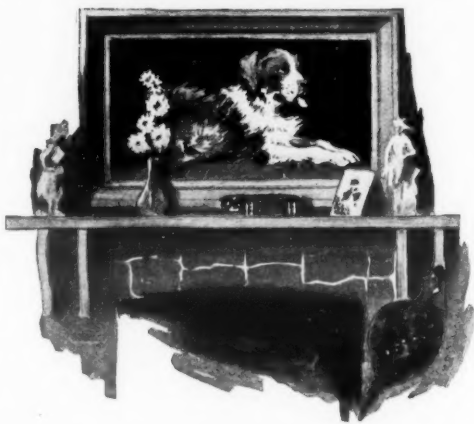
To begin at the beginning. I am Lois Camp, spinster, and my age ain't anybody's business but my own, and the census-taker's. It's well-known that I'm fore-handed, and always keep my taxes and my church rates paid up; and my farm is considered to be one of the best managed farms in town. Job Ashley works my land on shares; but I keep an eye on him, and I know how things ought to be done. I don't say but what he's honest and steady enough, and reliable as the most o' men, takin' 'em as they go. I never was much of a hand for men folks; but Job has always done what's fair and right by me, and I'll speak the same of him.

I've lived alone ever since mother died; brother Henry havin' gone to New York and got married there, some years before. My house stands pretty well up on Long Hill, and it's quite a piece to the nearest neighbor's. Folks used to tell me they sh'd think I'd feel lonesome 'way up there by myself, 'specially nights; and what was more they used to say it wasn't safe.

Mis' Williams was tellin' me so, that very day. She is my nearest neighbor; lives in the old Cyrus Williams place, down to the foot of the hill. She runs in quite often to sit a spell with me in the afternoon. And she says:

"I don't see how you can stand it here all alone so far from neighbors, Lois. I wouldn't stay up here alone at night for anything; I should be scairt to death."

She needn't a' told me that. I've known Jane Williams ever since she was Jane Bar-



ber, and we was girls together, and folks said young Cyrus Williams didn't know which one of us he wanted. He took the one that wanted him; and that was Jane. And as long as I've known her, I never knew Jane to show any courage but once, and I ain't goin' to stop to tell about that now.

"I sh'd think," says Jane, "you'd feel safer if Job Ashley lived in the ell part. I know I should."

Job wanted to move into the ell part of my house. There's room enough for a small family, and he said it would be handier about the work. But his wife is quite a hand to visit and have company, and I do like a quiet house. And he's got a twelve-year-old boy that beats all the boys I ever did see for cuttin' up. I said as much to Jane; but she didn't seem to think them was very good reasons. I don't know but what she was right.

"It seems real kind of reckless for you to live so, Lois, without any man in the house, nor even a dog," says she. "There's such dreadful things happenin' all the time, where women live alone. Folks think you'd ought to let Job move in."

"They can't say but what I've got a dog in the house," says I, lookin' up at the picture of brother Henry's dog, Lion, that hangs up over the mantelpiece.

It's a han'some picture of a dog as ever I see. It was done by a friend of brother

Henry's from New York that come up here to board one summer, and painted the scenery all around here. Lion was a nice-lookin' dog, and a real faithful dog, too, and brother Henry thought a good deal of him. He felt real bad when Lion died.

Brother Henry always says if there's any such thing as a dog's heaven, Lion's in it, and he believes there is. I took such a notion to the picture that he let me keep it; and he says, in his kind of laughing way:

"You'll always have a dog in the house, Lois, if you won't have a man."

So Jane kind of smiled when I made that remark, but I could see she thought I was headstrong, and I won't say but what I was. Anyway, I got enough of livin' alone that very night.

It was a moonlight night, along in the fall. I'd been cannin' and preservin' pretty much all day, and was tired, and I went to bed quite early. I expect I must have been asleep a couple of hours—but as for dreamin', I hadn't; I slep' too sound for that—when all to once I was broad awake and holdin' my breath and listening. I didn't know what 'twas that waked me up, but I knew there was somethin' wrong.

I'd locked up the house, and put the cat out, as I always do 'fore I go to bed, so I knew it wasn't her that I'd heard—if I'd heard anything. My bed-room is downstairs, and opens out o' the sittin'-room; and the window was up, as I generally have it, for I like fresh air at night; but the blinds was closed and fastened together with a hook inside. It come over me in a minute 't there was somebody at that window.

I don't know as I was so

dreadful scairt as you might a' s'posed I'd be. I just slipped out of bed, still as I could, and got on my wrapper; an' I stole out into the sittin'-room and got the poker from the fireplace. But I must have made some noise, for I heard a man's voice sayin': "Be quick, Bill, the old gal's up!"

It was a frightful rough kind o' voice, an' it went through me like cold steel. And then I heard 'em tryin' to pull the blinds open. I went back into the bed-room, and there was a man's hands feelin' through the slats to get at the hook; and I just up with the poker and brought it down as hard as I could onto that man's fingers—burglar or tramp or whatever he was, I guess I must a broke 'em; anyway, I broke two slats. 'Twas a dreadful foolhardy thing to do, if I'd only stopped to think. I'd ought to slide out the back door, and run down to Williamses, through the orchard. Still, they might a' caught me, if I had; and, anyway, I never thought of a thing but just to hit them fingers.

Such a howl as that burglar give—and such a curse—I never heard before! The other one says:

"Hold your noise, you fool! Stave her in."

And they'd smashed in the blinds and was coming through the window before I could wink, almost. I struck at the one that was comin' in first, but I didn't hit him. He dodged and grabbed the poker and got it away from me; and then he got hold of me by the wrist, and I screamed.

And then it come to me like a flash to make 'em believe I'd got a dog. It was the foolishhest notion—but I lifted up my voice and called out:



"... I just up with the poker and brought it down hard as I could..."

"Lion! Lion! Take 'em, Lion!"

The one that had hold of me kind of stopped a minute half through the window; but the one behind swore at him and give him a shove.

"There ain't any dog," says he. "She's bluffin'. If there was a dog, he wouldn't want any callin'," says he. "Go on, you fool."

And then it happened! There was a crash in the sittin'-room, and somethin' come over me like I don't know what. I turned as weak as water and as cold as if I'd had a chill.

That burglar let go of me and went backwards out of the window, and I felt a rush of something past me. It was just as if a big dog come rushin' out of the sittin'-room and hurled himself at the window, grittin' his teeth and growlin', same as Lion used to when he was ugly. But there wasn't any dog visible.

I held onto the windowsill to steady my-

self, I was tremblin' so. It was bright moonlight, and I could see them two burglars—or tramps, or whatever they was—just as plain as day, jumpin' over the fence as if they was crazy, and runnin' down the road as I never see two men run before in all the days of my life. And I could hear all the sounds of that big dog a streakin' after 'em, barkin' an' growlin' like mad. But I couldn't see a sign of a dog.

I don't know what I thought, and I can't tell you how I felt. My head began to swim, and I slipped down under the window, and leaned against the wall, and kind of lost myself.

I guess it didn't last long; and when I come to, I didn't feel so weak. I got up and looked out, and everything was calm and still. One of them burglars—or whatever they was—had lost off his hat, an' it was layin' on the grass by the fence. If it hadn't been for that, and the splintered window blinds, I might have thought myself 'twas all a dream.

I put down the window and stuck a nail over it, an' went into the sittin'-room, and there was Lion's picture, flat on the floor! For a minute, I felt's if I didn't want to touch it, and then I says to myself:

"Lois Camp, what are you 'fraid of? Whatever it was," I says, "it come to help you, and the Lord sent it."

So I picked up the picture, and Lion looked at me out of the frame, so kind of good an' faithful it just brought the tears into my eyes. The picture wasn't hurt a bit, but the frame was damaged some by fallin'. 'Twas a heavy frame, and the weight of it had pulled out the nail and let the picture down, so it seemed. But I couldn't help thinkin' there was somethin' more to it.

I didn't go to bed again, but wrapped a shawl 'round me and laid down on the lounge;



"That burglar let go of me and went backwards . . ."

and I didn't wake up till I heard Job in the mornin', rattlin' at the back door for me to come an' take in the milk.

"Good land, Lois, it's past six o'clock!" says he. And he wanted to know if I'd been sick in the night.

So I told him what had happened. I told it all, just as it had been. Job looked at me kind of queer-like, and didn't say anything for a minute or two. Then he said he guessed he'd better get the doctor.

"Doctor your granny," says I; but Job went and got him, for all that.

And the doctor he looked queer; and I knew by the questions he asked that he thought I'd had some kind of a shock. He left me something to take for my nerves; but I didn't take it. There ain't anything the matter with my nerves!

Pretty soon, Jane Williams and Cyrus come up. They'd seen the doctor go by, and thought I must be sick. When I told them the story, Cyrus give a start, and Jane looked at him and turned white.

"What time of the night did this happen, Lois?" Jane asks.

I said it was between ten o'clock and eleven—I couldn't tell exactly.

And then Jane told how her little Jennie—that's her youngest—four years old—had waked up about half-past ten, an' called her an' said there was a dog barkin'. They don't keep any dog, nor their next neighbors don't; and Jane didn't hear anything, neither did Cyrus. So they told the child she'd been dreamin'. But Jennie would have it she'd heard a dog go barkin' past the house.

Cyrus he said he guessed there was probably a dog barkin' somewhere; an' them two burglars must have heard it and thought somebody was comin'. He guessed I must have imagined the rest of it.

Maybe Cyrus Williams believed all that;

but Jane didn't. I knew she didn't, by the way she looked.

Well, of course the story was all over town before night; and the selectmen and the sheriff went flaxin' around to capture



"I could see them two burglars as plain as day, jumpin' over the fence as if they was crazy . . ."

them burglars. In the course of a day or two, they arrested a couple of tramps, and I had to go and identify 'em. I went an' looked at 'em, an' I said they wasn't the men. I was asked to make a statement of the facts, and I did. I said I should know the two men I saw that night, if I didn't see 'em again till the Day o' Judgment, and them wasn't the ones. So they had to let 'em go. They never did ketch the right ones, and I didn't s'pose they would. It's my belief them two men didn't stop runnin' till they got clear into the next county.

But my statement made a good deal of talk. There was a reporter come to see me, and got me to go over it all; and he put a piece in the paper about it. "A Phantom Watch-Dog" was the headin' of it. There was them that believed it, and there was them that didn't; I s'pose there was more that didn't. But there's one thing sure: There ain't a tramp in the State of Connecticut that you could git to come near my house after dark. And they don't bother me none in the daytime, neither.

But Job Ashley has moved into the ell part.



"OH, don't talk to me about dark girls," begged the red-haired young woman on the front seat, interrupting a story which the 'bus driver was about to tell her. Her head and her blue straw hat trembled with indignation. "If you'd had my experience you'd never give 'em another thought."

The driver, speaking over his shoulder and getting his horses through the confused web of traffic at the end of Tottenham Court Road, said, with something of cynicism, that whether fair or dark, there was but little to choose between them. The 'bus started down Charing Cross Road.

"Ark at you," said the young woman, bending forward, "you would not talk so silly if you knew. Do you 'appen to be acquainted with any young lady of the name Abrahams?"

Driver could not say yes.

"Or a young gentleman by the name of Bird?"

There again the driver had to acknowledge deficiency. He found half a cigar in the ticket pocket of his light coat and lighted it in the amazing way known only to 'bus drivers, shading the wooden match from the wind with one hand, holding the reins with the other, and saluting a passing driver with a jerk of his right arm.

"Well," said the red-haired lady, with great appetite, "then there can be no 'arm in tellin' you all about. I'm going as far as Victoria to see an aunt at Wandsworth Common, and there's just nice time to tell you all about."

The driver counseled her to fire away.

"Me and her," said the young woman, "work in the same place of business in Camomile Street. I've known or been there longer than she has, and I know more about the jet trade than she will if she lives to be five 'undred. She isn't such a bad-looking girl as you'd think, only that her nose spoils

her, and she ain't got a good chin, and her eyes— Well," said the young woman, firmly, "it isn't for me to make comparison. Her name is Abrahams—Rachel Abrahams."

The driver suggested humorously, that the family was perhaps of Scotch descent.

"I was never close friends with her, if you understand me, but I knew her well enough to borrow a lump or two of sugar from her for tea, and, at any rate, we'd never had a mis-word. One evening I was walking home down Bishopsgate Street to catch my underground train when she catches me up. As she catches me up, lo! and behold, a young feller passed by us and lifted his bowler hat, and I nodded, of course. Whereupon, she turns round and she says, 'Excuse me,' she said, 'that was meant for me.' I never lost my temper, I kept quite cool, and I says, 'Oh, indeed,' and went off across the road without another word, because, to tell the truth, I'm not very quick at giving back answers, and I thought I'd better talk it over with mother first before doing anything. Next morning I went up to her table.

"'I didn't quite catch what you said last night, Miss Abrahams,' I says. 'P'raps you will be good enough to repeat it.'

"'What I said was,' she said, giving me such a look with her black eyes, 'what I said was that that lift of the hat that Mr. Bird gave was meant for me.'

"'You're quite welcome,' I said, 'to all the lifts of the hats that you can manage to get, but, meantime, perhaps you'll allow me to say that he stared straight at me.'

"'Your face,' she said, 'is enough to make anybody stare.'

"'I want no compliments,' I says, sharply.

"'You don't get 'em, I lay,' she said, 'whether you want 'em or not.'

"'I can tell you, Miss Abrahams,' I said,

getting rather warm, 'that I have been as much admired as most young ladies.'

"There's a lot of near-sighted people about," she said. 'I wonder what they thought when they come close to you.'

"Girls," said our forewoman. (Oh, she is a cat, our forewoman, I could tell you a rare old tale about her.) 'Girls, more work and less talk, if you please.'

"That evening I got the best of my lady. I was out first and hurried along, and there about the same place up comes the young chap. I nods to him and he lifts off his hat again and so I stopped and coughed.

"Aven't seen Miss Abrahams, I suppose?" he said.

"She'll be late," I says. 'Besides, I rather think she mentioned that she was getting tired of always meeting the same one.'

The 'bus pulled up at St. Martin's Church and the driver leaned down, saying, "Westminster, Victoria, penny all the way." As they started down the hill by Trafalgar Square, he asked whether this last remark of the red-haired young woman had been built on the secure foundation of truth.

"Oh," said the young woman, lightly, "I only said it jest for something to say! He got very red and said, 'Oh, that's the game, is it? Very well,' he went on, 'she isn't the only girl in the world.'

"What I can't stand," I said, 'is seeing anybody played fast and loose with.'

"It's asking a great favor of you," he goes on, speaking quickly, 'but do you mind if I walk with you as far as the station?'

"I don't know whether I ought," I says.

"You're not engaged?"

"Oh, I've had offers," I said.

"Very well, then. She's coming along on the other side now. Take my arm and let's take no notice of nobody.'

"It'd made you roar to have seen her face when she caught sight of us. Mr. Bird, he kept his chin well up and talked in a loud voice about politics, and she stood stock still. He saw me off at Bishopsgate, and I think he would have taken my ticket for me to Gower Street, only, silly-like, I'd got a return. We met once or twice that week about the same place, and I suggested makin' an appointment for Buckhurst Hill the following Saturday afternoon—that was mother's idea—but I thought it wouldn't look ladylike to 'arp on the question too much, see? He wasn't what I would call bright in his conversation, and he didn't seem to be a joking sort of a chap; he took

everything I told him as serious as though it was all the truth. I told him I'd got an aunt with 'ouses of her own; that I'd been engaged once to a captain in the navy; that I'd got money in the savings bank, and"—here the red-haired girl giggled amusedly—"he took it all in as though it was Gospel." The driver as he pulled up at the end of Parliament Street warned her that she would never finish if she did not hurry.

"Oh, yes, I shall," she said, talking more rapidly, "if you leave off interruptin'." On the Friday night I took my money as usual, and Miss Abrahams spoke to me for the first time since our row. She seemed very amiable, and she said she had to hurry because some one was waiting for her outside, and he'd be cross if he was kept. And there down stairs on the pavement was a young fellow with a white patch over his eye and lifted his hat when he saw her and they walked off arm in arm. Mr. Bird was waiting for me outside the fire engine room in Bishopsgate Street. I will say this for him: He wasn't amusin' but he was always punctual.

"Good-evening," he said.

"She's soon found some one else," I said.

"Rachel?" he says.

"Yes," I says, 'Rachel. Stop here out of sight and you'll see her go by with him.'



"Oh, she is a cat, our forewoman."

"I shall ask him what he means by it," said Mr. Bird, getting very white, 'and if he hasn't got a good excuse, I shall punch 'is 'ead for him.'

"You'll do nothing of the kind," I said; 'behave yourself like a gentleman.'

"I shall behave myself like a man," he says.

"You've no right to interfere," I said. 'If she likes to take up with some one else she's got a perfect right to do so.'

"'I'm not blaming her,' he says, 'I'm blaming him. And I'll do something else more, too, besides blaming.'"

"'I shan't like you if you do.'"

"'Woman,' he said, and he gave me such a look, 'do you think I'm going to stand by and see another take my place?'"

"'Why not?' I says. 'What's the harm? Come on, people are beginning to take notice. Besides, she's seen you with me; why shouldn't you see her with somebody?'"

"'You don't understand,' he called out in a loud voice. 'It's only now that I can gauge the depth of my affections for her. Without her my life is a weary blank.'"

"'You've been reading books,' I says, 'that's what's the matter with you. Let's go and have an ice somewhere.'"

"'Just then up she comes. The fellow with the white patch over his eye looked rather nervous, but she was doing all the talking, and although there were lots of people going by we could 'ear quite well what she was arguing about. 'I believe,' she was saying, 'I believe it would come cheaper to take 'alf a 'ouse at first and get the furniture bit by bit.' Mr. Bird ran forward.

"'Rachel!' he said, wildly.

"'Why,' she said, as though she was surprised, 'it's Mr. Bird. Quite a stranger.'"

"'Who is this low cad?' he asked.

"'Nobody you know,' she made answer.

"'He's going to have the pleasure of my acquaintance,' said Mr. Bird, in a furious



"'I've a good mind to knock your 'ead clean off.'"

sort of way. 'Come up the side street, sir.'

"'Not me,' said the white-patch chap.

"'You're no gentleman, sir,' said Mr. Bird.

"'Never said I was,' answered the young fellow.

"'I've a good mind to knock your 'ead clean off,' said Mr. Bird.

"'Don't do that,' begs the lad. 'I shall look such a silly without it.'

"'Old my jacket,' said Mr. Bird to me, in an awful state of fury, 'and 'old my hat. This matter can't be left where it is.' People stopped and stood round and I didn't know what to do. Miss Abrahams was the only one who kept cool.'

"'What do you mean, Mr. Bird, by be-havin' in this strange way?' she asked.

"'Strange way?' he repeated, taking off his cuffs. 'Strange way? Do you call it strange that I should get excited when I see you throwing me away like an old boot, and treatin' me as though I was a faded flower? Do you call it strange that after all that we've been to each other I should exhibit some emotion when—'

"'You needn't exhibit your shirt sleeves,' she said, 'put your coat on.'

"'Yes, dear,' I says, 'do!'

"'Silence!' he orders.

"'And as you ceased to care for me,' went on Miss Abrahams. 'Why—'

"'It's a lie,' he shouts. 'I've always cared for you, and I shall never care for anybody else.'



"'It'd made you roar to see her face when she caught sight of us.'"

"Then," she said, "if that's the case, I may as well introduce you to my brother. I don't think you've met before."

"Come up one evening," said the white-patch chap, "and 'ave a look at my pigeons."

"The crowd went off as soon as they saw Mr. Bird putting his jacket on and then she turned to me.

"We needn't detain you, miss," she said; "don't miss your train on our account."

"And, do you know, I couldn't think of a word to say to her. I've thought of one or two nasty remarks since, but, of course, that's too late, and she's left our workshop

because she had to prepare for the wedding. But"—the girl threw away her 'bus ticket as the driver reined his horses up on the yard at Victoria Station, "think of the artfulness of her. Isn't it enough to make you say that you'd never speak to a dark-aired girl again?"

She followed the other passengers to the steps at the back without waiting for an answer, and the driver swung himself down with the help of the strap. He patted the off side horse rather thoughtfully.

"Ah!" said the driver to the off side horse, "I wouldn't be the Sultan of Turkey for a hundred pounds."

THE WOMAN CITIZEN

BY ELLIS MEREDITH

Author of "The Master-knot of Human Fate."

IT is probable that the world has seen the last "Woman's Building" at centennials, fairs and expositions. The constantly multiplying activities of women during the closing years of the nineteenth century have made way for the woman citizen of the twentieth, who will take her place quietly in the affairs of the world. She will do this, not because of an overwhelming longing to reform any one or to take an active part on the world's broad field of battle, but because she realizes the truth of the words: "Those things which concern me, I will attend to."

The work of women from the earliest times was typified in the motto adopted by the World's Congress of Representative Women, "Not for herself, but for humanity." At the time of the crucifixion of Christ and for years before, the drink of myrrh and spices was prepared by the women of Jerusalem that the agony of the condemned might be deadened. To-day women still play the ministering angel, but they take a larger interest in making life worth living.

It is not possible to divide woman's activities by hard and fast lines, because they overlap, but they might be largely classified under these captions:

1. Educational.
2. Philanthropic.
3. Reformatory.
4. Political.

It is not necessary to speak of woman's

work in the churches here, because it is known and admitted. As the church becomes "institutional," and more of a social element than it now is, woman will do even greater things.

Woman as a factor in the educational arena has brought about changes that are little short of stupendous. It is a long time—two hundred and one years, since Bridget Graffort gave the first land donated in New England for public school purposes. A school was erected on it which no girl child might attend. The world has moved since then. The woman's club movement of itself has been a liberal education to hundreds and thousands of women, and, indirectly, to their families. It has been the beginning of a striving for better things, a reaching out and clasping hands for general helpfulness. Twenty-five years ago the kindergarten was looked at askance. It was considered an experiment, if not a fad. Now it is a part of all first-class school systems; and in those communities where it is not a regular part of the school course, the private kindergarten flourishes. The same thing is true of manual training. The day is not far off when this, too, will be a matter of course.

Here is an instance of the overlapping of the work of the woman citizen. The endeavor to effect certain changes in the conduct of the public schools has led straight to the ballot box; and school suffrage ob-

tains in Arizona, Connecticut, Delaware, Idaho, Indiana, Kansas, Kentucky, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New York, New Jersey, North Dakota, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Texas, Vermont, Wisconsin, and, of course, in the four states where full suffrage prevails, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah and Idaho.

In Colorado thirty-two out of the fifty-seven County Superintendents of Public Instruction are women, and the office of State Superintendent of Public Instruction has always been accorded to the women since they

In New York a number of women are serving on school boards. Many of them are prominent club women. In Philadelphia there have been as many as twelve women on the school board at one time.

In Colorado the first result of equal suffrage was to make kindergartens part of the public schools. The Woman's Club of Chicago, without the ballot, has brought about the same thing. In Denver, and in hundreds of other cities women's clubs have beautified schoolhouses with pictures and casts.

But perhaps there is no place where so much has been done as in New York City, or where so much was needed; since the school population of New York, for which there are no schools, has been estimated at from 40,000 to 50,000. Moreover, the evil effect of politics in school work has been too well known to be denied. There are now five schools in the crowded tenement quarters that are used as clubrooms once or twice a week by the boys of the district. The first year the board permitted them to use two schools; the damage resulting amounted to \$3.75 for the year and was made good by the boys themselves. The yards of more than twenty schools are used as playgrounds during the summer vacations, and women attendants have been provided in the girls' schools. Besides, the Public Education Association has decorated buildings, introduced new courses of study, visited schools, and made suggestions that have been accepted and acted upon by the Board of Education. This association has also opened a school in the Tombs Prison, supplying a teacher and the necessary books. This school has been in operation for five years, and is no longer regarded as an experiment. In two or three schools, rooms have been set apart for the training of defective and delinquent children.

This is a very interesting phase of educational work, and one that is yearly receiving more attention. The education of these unfortunate children has been undertaken also by the women of Philadelphia. It is probably being done in many other cities; but there are a great



Building of the Young Women's Christian Association in New York.

have had the franchise. The present incumbent, Helen Loring Grenfell, is now filling her second term. She received the largest vote of any candidate, running ahead even of the presidential electors on her ticket.



The Women's Club, of Peoria, Illinois.

many candles burning under bushels, instead of advertising their shining abilities "in a naughty world."

In Illinois the club women said as with one voice, "Certain reforms in our school laws we will have." They went to their legislature, stayed with it, and were rewarded for their persistence. Mrs. J. M. Flower, Miss Lathrop of the State Board of Charities and Corrections, the late Mrs. A. P. Stevens and Mrs. Henry T. Rainey were among the leaders, and as a result of their labors they have juvenile courts, parental schools, a colony for epileptics, and the traveling library.

Missouri has undertaken to reform her school laws. South Carolina has begun the work of establishing free kindergartens in her factory districts. Texas is trying to establish an Industrial School for Girls. Ohio women are determined to have a State Normal School. Tennessee is endeavoring to secure manual training and technical schools. Georgia wants kindergartens and industrial training. Arkansas women want the school suffrage; and the Alabama federation secured a Reform School during the winter of 1899, the charter being, it is said, "the first granted to a state institution with a board of women directors."

Training in Domestic Science has been introduced in the schools of many cities, largely in the Denver schools through the

efforts of Mrs. J. D. Whitmore, president of the Women's Club.

The traveling library movement is universal. Nearly every state where there is a federation of women's clubs has a more or less active librarian, whose main object in life is to get more libraries, to send to more people, to make more converts to the social idea of the age. Michigan has over two hundred libraries. Iowa has made the traveling library part of the state library system. Ohio receives a state appropriation, largely through the efforts of Mrs. E. L. Buchwalter. But it is an unjust discrimination to name a few states, when all are doing the best they can along this line.

This is the trend of events in the educational line. It is bringing about a closer relation not only between the teachers and the parents, schools and homes, but between the patrons of a common school, if we may use that word. It leads toward a truer democracy.

The very mention of philanthropic work appals one with its trooping remembrance of boards and committees, institutions and associations and homes. Take the Young Women's Christian Association alone. Its significance is something not to be measured or set forth in words. It stands for "Rest and comfort and home" to lonely girlhood and weary womanhood in every city in the land, and it would be easier to mention the

one or two insignificant things it does not do, than to repeat its manifold benefactions. In some places it is a boarding-house with restrictions and improvements. The Chicago Y. W. C. A. is perhaps the best of this type; the building is beautiful, perfectly appointed, and offers more advantages than can be obtained for three times the money elsewhere in Chicago. The Brooklyn Y. W. C. A. is, on the other hand, about as near perfection in its way as possible. It is a training school where young women can learn French or cooking, hair-dressing or embroidery, shorthand or physical culture. The others are variations on these two types.

Unique is the New England Women's Educational and Industrial Union, which has a string of good deeds to its credit longer than its name. It does all kinds of class work, and wrestles with other knotty problems besides. Among other things, it has a system of dealing with the "servant-girl" question that is the result of much experience. When a maid applies for a place, they take her references and send blanks to be filled out by the several ladies for whom she has worked. They also make a note of her remarks, if she has any to make, on the peculiarities of the households in which she has been employed. In this way they are able to learn why Mrs. Jones can never keep a girl, and also why Mary Jane only stays three weeks in a place. This association has done much in the way of collecting sums of money due to working women, not generally in domestic service, but from sharpers, sweaters and the unscrupulous at large.

The society that takes the lead in this direction, however, is the Working Women's Protective Union of New York. There are similar unions in Philadelphia, Cleveland, Chicago and San Francisco. The New York Union originated during the war, when the evils of the sweatshop system were something terrible, under the stress of hurry orders for the army. In the years since then it has collected over \$60,000, most of

it in sums of not over \$4, owed to poor women and girls. The society is kept up by voluntary contributions purely and is entirely devoid of the methods of the circumlocution office. The defrauded woman states her case; the employer has an opportunity to explain or pay up, and unless he does one or the other, or both, suit is begun without further delay. The money is paid over to the plaintiff without any fee being retained. For more than thirty years John H. Parsons has given his services to this union, conducting over 15,000 prosecutions and adjusting over 40,000 disputes between employers and employees. Besides this, the Union has furnished some 65,000 women with employment.

One of the most beautiful charities of the women's clubs is known by different names in different cities. By any name it is incense to heaven. It consists in the employment of trained nurses, who visit the homes of the sick poor, deftly administer to the wants of the patient and give instruction in the care of the sick. In this connection, the Women's Auxiliary to the Guild for the Crippled Children of the Poor in New York City is worthy of wider mention than can be given here.

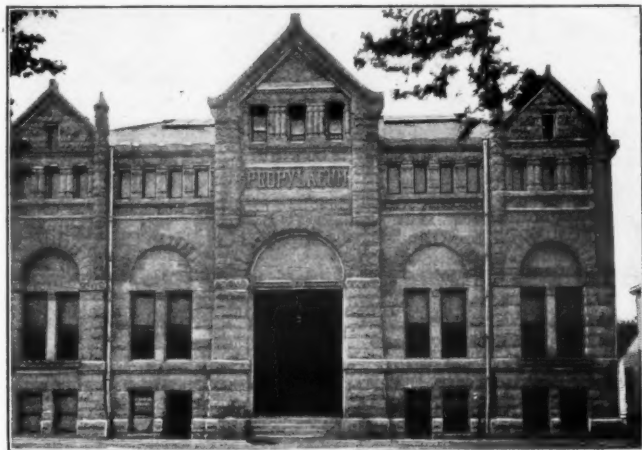


The Margaret Louisa Home in New York.

About forty children, incurables, and so discharged from the hospitals, are gathered up in the tenement district daily, taken to a pleasant place, fed and cared for and returned to their homes at evening. The Guild

matters of common interest is one of the most hopeful signs of the times.

Once in a while some Rip Van Winkle wakens from his nap and gives utterance to the venerable aphorism that women do not



The Propylaeum, Indianapolis.

Home of the Indianapolis Women's Club.

is trying to make arrangements to double its work.

The work among the poor soon makes women ardent believers in the parking of every available scrap of land, and the setting aside of a certain amount of territory for playgrounds. It is said, and it is true, that women are terribly serious; yet that woman is rare who does not believe that children must be amused, and that life itself is a social function, or should be one.

This belief that enjoyment and pleasure should be a part of our destined end and way permeates the college settlements, social unions and friendly visiting clubs that have come to be a recognized force in the world of the submerged tenth. It is not enough that the Gospel should be preached to the poor; they have been preached to and at for centuries, neither can we

"—patch hearts that are breaking,
With handfuls of coal and rice,
Or by dealing out flannel and sheeting
A little below cost price."

The club spirit that has taken women of wealth and opportunity among the poor, taken them in their oldest clothes and without a vestige of patronage, to talk over

stand by each other. There are actually a few specimens who believe this, but they are antediluvians. There is nothing more certain, and few things more obvious, than that women stand by each other as loyally as ever men have; but standing by with women means more. It means standing by her babies and providing a day nursery or crèche for them while she stands by somebody's washtub. It means giving to their baby fingers the beautiful "employments" of the kindergarten. It means teaching her sons and daughters to do things, as well as to know them, and it means establishing truancy schools, better called parental schools, when her authority has been worn threadbare. It means giving them a decent city to grow up in, and furnishing public libraries and public baths and gymnasiums and "piecening out"—as one poor woman expressed it—the faulty homes that leave so much to be desired. It means girls' clubs and boys' clubs; it means women's and children's hospitals and homes for incurables and for the old and helpless. To stand by, to a woman, means to supplant the blue cow of Eastern legend, or the tortoise or Atlas and bear the world, not only on one's

head and shoulders, but on one's heart, as well. Nevertheless, all over this world women are doing it, quietly and gladly, without sounding of loud timbrels or blowing of trumpets.

The reformatory work of women began, naturally, with the opposite sex, as a rule, because the percentage of women and girl offenders is small compared to that of men and boys. But with the growth of city life, the crowding of tenement districts and the harder social conditions that exist to-day, the number of unfortunate women and girls increased enormously. Meanwhile, matrons in jails were unheard of; the care of insane women was an open infamy; there were no means for separating or classifying prisoners; old and young were huddled together indiscriminately. The stories that survive from that time, and it is not two decades ago, are something too vile for self-respecting type. We have changed all that in most of the states, and everywhere this phase is passing away. No one justifies it, but until the women made it their business, it was nobody's business, and, like many other things that depend upon the intelligent interest of all the people, it was a failure simply for the lack of that interest.

It is said that "A Lady of Quality" was written as a protest against Hardy's "Tess," and man's fiat that the woman whom Christ forgave shall never be forgiven by man, and can never live down her past. In novels and upon the stage man has had much to say about the woman with a capital P past, but she is invariably too much for him. Dumas lets her die gracefully in the center of the stage, or he has her murdered. Tolstoi throws her under a train, and Hardy hangs her. It has remained for woman to come along and tear down the scarlet letter of the past, and write large instead, "We always may be what we might have been." She has gone into prisons and dives and slums and raised the fallen, cheered the faint, healed the sick and led the blind. But it is this work, these attempts to redress the wrongs of women that have led to the agitation of what is still sometimes called "women's rights."

It is amusing to hear how women have "rushed into politics." On the contrary, women have obeyed that excellent old rule about trouble, and have rarely troubled politics until politics troubled them. Take, for instance, a case which occurred in Colorado about ten years ago. A young couple came here, the man being far gone with consump-

tion. His wife had married him for the purpose of bringing him to this climate and, if possible, nursing him back to life, but they came too late. She was not even acquainted with his people, nevertheless that kind and loving husband willed the child that was not born until after his death, to his parents, and they came here and took it away from her. The law allowed it, and the court allowed it, and straightway that woman, and all the women who knew her unhappy story, became raging suffragists, and they never rested until they had the ballot. The first law passed thereafter gave the mother equal ownership in her children. This is a proceeding so radical and unheard-of that it obtains in less than one-fifth of the states of the Union.

So much has been done without the ballot that many men and women regard it as somewhat unimportant. It is often true that as much can be accomplished indirectly as directly, but the indirect influence is always questionable. There is a great gulf fixed between the woman lobbyist and the woman constituent; and to the latter is accorded a universal courtesy never shown to the former. It might be said of the ballot as the Texas cowboy said of a gun: "When you want it, you want it bad, and there ain't no time to wait."

About a year ago the New York Federation of Women's Clubs, numbering about 30,000 women, asked its state legislature to establish an Industrial School for girls. The federation was reinforced by other organizations aggregating perhaps 100,000 women, and they stated their case and urged an appropriation of \$150,000 to put it in operation. There are eighty reformatories, rescue homes, etc., in New York, but there is no place where a girl can go to learn how to make her way. This was to be preventive work, and the idea was to teach housework, dressmaking, millinery and other feminine avocations.

The legislators were most courteous. They listened to all the ladies had to say; they said the project was just such a one as they would enjoy voting for, and they promised to give the bill careful consideration, and the ladies went home hopeful. When they returned to see if the Committee of the Whole was ready to report progress they were told that there was no money available for the school, much as it was doubtless needed. The same week that legislature established a chair of veterinary science in one of the colleges of the state and gave it



Sewing Class in the Margaret Louisa Home.



Cooking Class in the Margaret Louisa Home.

the trifling sum of \$200,000 to begin with. There are only about 100,000 women in Colorado, but they are constituents, and they have a Girls' Industrial School.

In many respects Southern women seem less afraid of being called radical than their Eastern sisters, and it will not be surprising if the ballot should come to them long before it is wielded by the women of the Central, Eastern and New England states. That it will come is as certain as that the republic is to endure. It is impossible to doubt one without questioning the other.

The experience of Georgia women during the past year is such as to drive them pollwards, willynilly. They had three pet measures which they advocated in their legislature as ably as they could, and when it is remembered that Rebecca Douglas Lowe, the gracious and accomplished president of the General Federation, lives in Atlanta, as does also Mrs. John K. Otley, one of the most brilliant club women of the whole country, it is not to be supposed for an instant that "influence" did not have an opportunity to show its perfect work.

The bills were strictly humanitarian in character, except, possibly, that to admit women to the state textile school. The other raised the age of consent (it is now ten years), and the third prohibited the employment of children under twelve years of age in the factories. All three bills were defeated.

In Illinois the women passed a bill for the better accommodation of women students at the state university and the colleges, and it was vetoed by the governor.

In Vermont the Federation had a bill introduced asking that women be appointed on the boards of control of the asylums where women are confined. This unreasonable (?) demand was slain forthwith.

If men wish to keep women out of the pool of politics they will do well to make haste and give them all they ask along these lines, for there is no other way to stay their advance.

Already the small edge of the wedge has made its way far into the oak of resistance.

In Wyoming, Colorado, Utah and Idaho women have full suffrage, including a vote for presidential electors.

In Arkansas and Missouri women may vote on petition on the granting of saloon licenses.

In Delaware, municipal suffrage exists in several towns.

In Kansas there is full municipal suffrage.

In Montana women may vote on local taxation.

In a number of cities in New York they may vote on the issuance of bonds for public improvements.

In Pennsylvania women may vote on local improvements by petitioning for or against them.

Women are in politics pretty thoroughly now.

Nor are they in the least content to be active in local improvements. They have gone to Congress on behalf of the Redwoods of California, the Cliff Dwellers' remains in Colorado, the Palisades of the Hudson, and are asking for national parks in Minnesota, New Hampshire, Pennsylvania and Maine.

Nobody claims that perfection has been reached in the four states where women have the vote. As Myron Reed used to say, "we are not right, but we wobble right." In these four states women receive equal pay for equal work. In Wyoming the school laws are exceptionally good, and the library system under state control has been in vogue for years. There isn't a poor house in the state, the percentage of illiteracy is low, and there are fewer divorces than in any other state. Women have voted there for more than thirty years, and citizenship is at a premium, for Wyoming sent the largest quota, per capita, of volunteers to the Spanish-American War of any state in the Union.

In Colorado the list of achievements since the ballot was bestowed upon women in 1893 is not long, but it is more than twice as long as the list for the two decades next previous.

Women are now equal owners with their husbands of their children.

The age of consent has been raised to eighteen years.

A state home for dependent children has been established.

A state industrial school for girls has been provided.

The indeterminate sentence has been adopted.

Emblems have been removed from the ballots.

The legislature which has just closed its labors passed 116 bills, of which a number had been heartily indorsed by many women's organizations. Among others is one establishing parental schools, another for the care of the feeble-minded, several humane society bills, a measure giving the board of charities and corrections power to in-

investigate private eleemosynary institutions, another for the preservation of forest trees, the eight-hour law, the bi-weekly pay-day, and a bill which requires insurance companies that have to be sued to recover, to stand the costs of such suit.

Among the other results of equal suffrage in Colorado is a far better enforcement of existing laws requiring merchants to furnish seats for women clerks, prohibiting the employment of children under sixteen, regulating the sale of liquor and tobacco to minors, and many others of the same general character. Through the efforts of Dr. Mary E. Bates, whose record in the Cook County (Chicago) Hospital proves what one woman can do, drinking fountains have been placed on many of the street corners. At the behest of the City Improvement Society the City Fathers parked one avenue, placed rubbish cans on the street corners, put up anti-expectoration placards, making the street cars absolutely clean, adopted the street roller sweeper and planted trees about a number of the school houses.

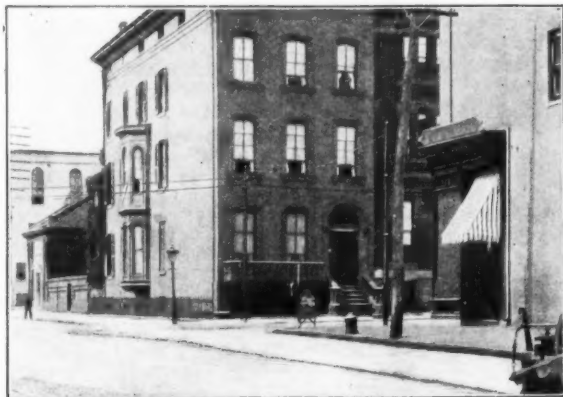
In addition to these changes there are many others hardly noticeable to those unacquainted with the old regime, or with the political situation elsewhere. Contrast the order of the chairman of the Democratic party in the 1899 campaign, that no caucus should be held in any place connected with a saloon, with the statement of the Associated Press in the spring of 1898, that a bar had been put in the City Hall of Chicago to facilitate business, and make it possible to keep a quorum of the City Council on hand.

Yet Colorado women do not stand in

street cars, do not put on their own rubbers, sharpen their pencils, or hold their umbrellas. With malice toward none and charity to all, let me say the Colorado man is a little the best type of man to be found anywhere on this great earth. Mary A. Livermore says the East has been skimmed many times to make the State of Colorado.

Incomplete and fragmentary as this account of some of the activities of the woman citizen is, it must, nevertheless, be drawn to a close, with the work of a hundred clubs unrecorded, the names of a thousand club women unmentioned. Yet no Colorado club woman ever thinks of the vast field of use and enjoyment that has come to her through this larger life without a benediction upon the woman who has done more than any other to make the club a living, growing force—Sarah Platt Decker, first in clubs, first out of them, and first in the hearts of her country women.

I have taken no account here of what women have done for themselves, spoken no word of the beautiful club houses they have built, of the programmes they have rendered, but sought, rather, to set forth the things they have done for others. The woman's club has not come to stay. It has come to make way. It has come to broaden the outlook of women, give them a firmer grasp on the world's work, which is their work, and to teach them that it takes all the community to attend to the community's needs. Always and everywhere men and women must work together, not for themselves, not even for one another, but for humanity.



The Arundel Club, Baltimore.

BEFORE THE FACT

BY RODRIGUES OTTOLENGUI

V.—THE ART OF FORGERY.

ONE wet afternoon, when all New York was hurrying homeward under dripping umbrellas, or crowding into already overcrowded trolley cars, newsboys were screaming "Extra! Extra," and selling their papers like hot cakes. The scare-head, in glaring red letters, read: "FORGERY IN HIGH LIFE."

Mr. Mitchel tossed a nickel to a boy in exchange for a paper, as he ascended the steps of an elevated station. He read the story on his way home. His interest grew as he recognized familiar names. The prisoner, for an arrest had been made, was Matthew Martin, the son of Montgomery Martin, an old acquaintance. The young man was known to Mr. Mitchel only by sight. The other name was Anthony P. Dunn, a Wall Street broker, and an employer of young Martin. Mr. Dunn was known to Mr. Mitchel only as a member of one of his clubs.

This was the newspaper's account:

"An important arrest was made this afternoon at the Importer's National Bank, when a scion of an old Knickerbocker family was given into custody for attempting to pass a forged check for five thousand dollars. The prisoner is Matthew Martin, only son of the late Montgomery Martin, who was for forty years a prominent and highly honored member of the best social circles of this city. It will be recalled that the sad death of the elder Mr. Martin was caused by the failure of the business house of which he was a retired member. With remarkable honesty, Mr. Martin gave up all of his property to help pay the losses for which he was legally, but not through his own acts, responsible.

"After the death of his father, about a year ago, Mr. Matthew Martin, the son, with commendable industry, sought and obtained a position where he might at least support himself, it being, of course, no longer possible for him to live the fashionable life of a wealthy man's son. Young Martin entered the employment of an old friend of his father, Mr. Anthony P. Dunn,

a well-known and wealthy Wall Street broker. It appears that from the first Mr. Dunn placed implicit confidence in his old friend's son, so that he soon rose to a confidential position in this important house. In the exigencies of business on the Street actual cash is often a necessity, and latterly it has been Mr. Dunn's habit to send young Martin to the bank with checks of considerable magnitude. In this way he was known to the cashier and tellers, and until to-day checks presented by him have been cashed promptly without question. Something in the young man's manner this afternoon, when he came into the bank just before closing time and handed in a check for five thousand dollars, seems to have attracted the notice of the paying-teller and to have aroused his suspicions. At any rate, he scrutinized the check more closely than usual, and then asked young Martin to wait a moment, as he would have to go into the vault for the money. Passing out of sight of the man at the window, the teller went to the telephone and called up Mr. Dunn, asking him whether he had sent the check which had been presented. Mr. Dunn promptly declared that he had not done so, and was asked to visit the bank. The hour for closing having come, the outer doors were shut, and thus young Martin was virtually a prisoner. Nothing was said to him, however, and the paying-teller did not return to the window. Nevertheless, the young man apparently was either unsuspicious or else oblivious. Indeed, the latter word seems the more exact, as the detective of the bank declares that he seemed abstracted, as he patiently stood waiting at the window during the fifteen minutes that passed before Mr. Dunn reached the bank and was admitted. On his arrival, Mr. Dunn was taken to the cashier's private room, and the check was shown to him. He unhesitatingly pronounced it to be a forgery, and asked by whom it had been presented. He appeared to be terribly shocked when told that it had been brought to the bank by his clerk, young Martin. The old man broke

down, seemed greatly overcome as he vainly tried to suppress his sobs, crying, 'This is terrible! terrible! Thank God his parents have not lived to see this day.'

"Mr. Dunn pleaded that the matter should be hushed up, but banks have no sentiment to waste on forgers. Martin was therefore called into the presence of his employer and the bank officials, and told that his crime had been detected. At first he seemed dazed, as though slowly emerging from a trance. Asked for an explanation, he finally said:

" 'Do I understand that Mr. Dunn says the check is a forgery?'

" 'He does,' replied the cashier.

" 'Will you say as much to me?' asked young Martin, turning to Mr. Dunn.

" 'It is a terrible thing to be compelled to say so,' replied that gentleman, after some hesitation, 'but what else can I say?'

" 'You did not sign that check?' asked Martin.

" 'I certainly did not,' was Mr. Dunn's reply.

"This was followed by a silence which was painfully felt by all the men present. Martin apparently relapsed into his abstraction. It almost seemed as though he were under the influence of some narcotic. At length the cashier again spoke.

" 'Well, young man,' said he, 'you are in a very serious predicament. What have you to say?'

" 'Nothing,' answered he. 'Absolutely nothing, I make neither defense nor explanation. Nor will I ever do so.'

"This rather unusual stand for a few moments nonplussed the officials, but at last, shrugging his shoulders, the cashier turned to the detective and said:

" 'Take him to police headquarters and make a charge against him.'

"Martin made no resistance, but calmly followed the detective out of the bank and soon was locked in a cell at the police station."

On the day following his arrest, he was taken before a magistrate, where he waived examination, and was held for the grand jury. That body indicted him, and within two weeks he was called to trial. Some persons remarked upon the swiftness with which the usually slow machinery of justice was moving, but this was scarcely strange in view of the evidence, and the persistence of the prisoner that he had no explanation to offer. Counsel was assigned to him, but in spite of the young lawyer's really clever

management of the case, handicapped as he was by his client's silence and seeming indifference, the result was a foregone conclusion. The jury found a verdict of "guilty" without leaving their seats.

The evidence offered by the prosecution was not voluminous, but it was most convincing. First there was the paying-teller, who declared that he had doubted the signature when presented. Next was called Mr. Dunn, a reluctant witness, and, consequently, doubly effective. He denied the signature on the stand, as he had done in the bank. He was overcome by emotion, and all in the court-room sympathized with this man, who was compelled to testify against the son of an old friend. In corroboration of these two witnesses, three handwriting experts were introduced, all of whom declared that the entire check was a tracing. The prosecution then placed in evidence a check for the same amount of money, which had been previously presented at the bank by Martin and which had been cashed without question. The experts declared that this check had been used as a model, and that the spurious check had been placed over it, probably against a windowpane, and the tracings made first with a pencil, and afterwards with pen and ink. To remove the least shadow of doubt, one of the experts applied a chemical to a part of the writing on the forged check, removed the ink, and disclosed the pencil tracing beneath. The verdict having been pronounced, the prisoner was remanded for sentence, and with bowed head, but still without uttering a word in his own behalf, this last representative of an honorable family was led away to prison.

Mr. Mitchel read the various newspaper accounts of the case, as he had read the first one, with an interest slightly intensified by the fact that the names of the principals were known to him. Yet he had allowed the matter to pass from his mind almost entirely, when one morning he was surprised to receive a call from Mr. Barnes, who was accompanied by a young and rather attractive woman.

"I desire to enlist your services," began the detective, "in behalf of this young lady, Miss Dunn."

"Not the daughter of Anthony Dunn?" asked Mr. Mitchel.

"The same," said Mr. Barnes.

"And how may I assist the young lady?"

"I hardly know myself," said Mr. Barnes.

"I hesitated to come to you, but she applied to me for assistance, and I must confess

that I do not see that anything can be done, unless, indeed, you can see a way. It is that forger case, young Martin, you know."

"Do you think that he is innocent, Miss Dunn?" asked Mr. Mitchel, turning to the girl.

"I know it," said she, confidently, looking straight at Mr. Mitchel. "I know it, but I cannot prove it. That is what I wish you to do."

"Tell me why you think this man innocent?"

"A woman's reason," said she. "I feel it. You see, I love him." She made the admission with delightful artlessness and sincerity.

"I surmised as much," said Mr. Mitchel, "else you would not have moved in his behalf. But we must have something more tangible."

"Suppose I could tell you why he has made no defense?"

"Ah! That would be important!"

"Very well, then. He has kept silent because he loves me."

Mr. Mitchel started, and thought deeply for a moment.

"I see, I see," said he, at last. "Now, a few questions, if you please, Miss Dunn, and remember that I also now believe in Mr. Martin, and if you will be candid with me, I will save him. First tell me why you have waited until after his conviction before taking this step?"

"I did not wait a moment. But I was in Europe. I started back by the first steamer, after I read a brief account of Mr. Martin's arrest in a newspaper."

"Tell me exactly when you went to Europe, and, if there is no objection, why?"

"From the newspaper accounts I figure that I sailed on the day before Mr. Martin's arrest. I went by a slow ship, as I wished the benefit of a long sea voyage for my health. But the weather retarded our progress so that we were really two weeks in crossing, instead of the usual ten days. It was a week after my arrival in London that I read of Mr. Martin's trouble. I had called on a friend and while waiting for her, I picked up a New York paper from her reading table. Almost the first thing that attracted my attention was the report of the arrest. I have come back on the fastest ship sailing, but I find the trial over and the verdict against him. It almost seems as though there has been an attempt to 'rail-road him.' I think that is the newspaper expression. Oh, you asked me why I went

to Europe. I could tell you that I went for my health, but that is only partly true. I had planned such a trip, but hastened my departure because of a scene which I had with Mr. Martin."

"A scene? A quarrel, do you mean?"

"Hardly that. Rather, let us say a misunderstanding. Mr. Martin is impulsive, impetuous, impatient. That makes three adjectives, but they describe him. I am more phlegmatic, more patient, and, besides, I have ideals, ambitions. Mr. Martin on the evening in question told me of his love, and with perfect candor I expressed my pleasure at his avowal, and admitted that I loved him in return. He was delighted and at once exhibited that impulsiveness to which I have alluded. He wanted me to marry him within three months."

"You declined?"

"I laughed at him. I was really amused by his impetuosity, though flattered, too, in a way. But I reminded him of his lack of means to support a wife in the style to which I have been accustomed. I pointed out that though I might say I would live on love in a cottage, I hoped I was sensible enough to know that with my tastes, that sort of thing would bring happiness to neither of us. I therefore told him that we would wait till his fortunes were bettered. I pointed out that his father had risen to wealth by his own efforts, and said I would honor him and respect him all the more if he should do likewise."

"You seem to have quite modern views on matrimony," said Mr. Mitchel, smiling.

"I don't know. I simply wish to be happy when I do marry, and I thought I was giving Mr. Martin good advice."

"I think you were."

"He did not. He declared that in these times the only short road to fortune would be by speculation. Then he laughed in a curious way, and said something which some women would not repeat to you. But I think you should know the exact facts."

"By all means. What was the remark?"

"He said, 'Some men in my place would borrow from your father, with or without his consent, and make a Wall Street plunge to win the daughter. If caught, perhaps you might take pity on me and prevent a prosecution, by marrying me. How does the scheme strike you?'"

"I should not advise Miss Dunn to repeat that near the District Attorney's office," said Mr. Barnes. "She would be lending still greater color to their theory of the affair."



"Thank God!" cried Mr. Martin, falling to his knees and seizing Miss Dunn's hand which he covered with kisses."

"I know," said Miss Dunn, "but that was simply a stupid remark made on the impulse of the moment by a man impatient of the delay exacted by his sweetheart. You can understand that, can you not, Mr. Mitchel?"

"Your construction is perfectly possible," said Mr. Mitchel, "but Mr. Barnes is right. I should not tell that to a newspaper reporter. It is so ingenious. The lover borrows, that is, takes, his employer's money and speculates. If successful, he paves the way to fortune, returns the cash.

and, in time, marries the girl. If caught, he looks to the girl's love to save him, and he gets his wife even more quickly. But we must go at once to see Mr. Martin. It is quite important to do something before sentence is passed, and I believe to-morrow has been set for the final disposition of the case."

An hour later Mr. Mitchel and Miss Dunn were admitted to see young Martin. At first he declined the interview, though Mr. Mitchel had obtained a letter of introduction from his attorney. As a final re-

source, Miss Dunn wrote on her visiting card:

"I have crossed the Atlantic to see you because I love you. You must see us."

Thus he was persuaded, but though at first sight of the girl, Mr. Martin impulsively started forward, arms outstretched as though desirous of embracing her, almost instantly he controlled himself, and when he spoke his tone betokened no unwonted interest in her.

"Of course, Miss Dunn, after your long voyage and generous interest in me at such a time, I could not refuse to see you, as I have all others. But why distress yourself about me, a convicted felon?"

"Convicted but not sentenced," said the girl.

"Now, Mr. Martin," said Mr. Mitchel, "you must no longer interfere with the course of justice."

"How have I done so?"

"By making no defense. Your reason may be a chivalrous one, but it is foolish nevertheless."

"You seem to know it. May I ask how?"

"Miss Dunn told me in part, and the rest I have guessed. She says that you do not defend yourself because you love her."

"A curious evidence of love, is it not?" said Mr. Martin. "One would imagine that Sing Sing were a short cut to a girl's heart."

"Of course, you are not acting as you have with any idea of winning Miss Dunn. You are sacrificing yourself for her, or so you imagine."

"Perhaps you can explain the nature of this sacrifice?"

"If I tell you the true reason of your conduct, will you admit it, and be guided by us as to the future?"

"I cannot promise. Your knowledge of my reason would not militate against its potency. It would still exist."

"Perhaps not," said Miss Dunn. "Tell him your idea of his reason, Mr. Mitchel. I am curious to know whether you have guessed the truth, as I have."

"It is really very clear," said Mr. Mitchel, "so clear that I was astonished that a clever man like Mr. Barnes should have admitted that he did not understand. Let us recall that when accused of this crime Mr. Martin's only reply was to ask whether Mr. Dunn himself would deny that he had made the check. Mr. Dunn did so, and from that moment Mr. Martin adopted the policy of silence. Next you, Miss Dunn, appear on the scene and declare that Mr. Martin is

acting through love of you. What could be more obvious? Mr. Dunn himself forged that check and sent Mr. Martin with it to the bank. He knew that when he denied having made it. No one would believe Mr. Martin's assertion that he had received it properly, especially after the experts had discovered that it had been traced, as it was intended that they should. Had he meant you to get the money he would simply have written a new check, declaring it a forgery when it came back to him through the regular channels. He wanted the arrest to occur at once."

"How does this fairy tale strike you, Miss Dunn?" asked Mr. Martin.

"Mr. Mitchel has echoed my own suspicions. You believed that the evidence against you would convict you in any event, while to tell your story would be to disgrace my name. But you have acted wrongly, Matthew, even though I respect you and love you for it all the more."

"Then you believe in me?" asked Mr. Martin, much agitated.

"As I believe in my Heavenly Father!"

"Thank God! Thank God!" cried Mr. Martin, falling to his knees and seizing Miss Dunn's hand, which he covered with kisses.

"Now, then," said Mr. Mitchel, as soon as the young man had recovered his composure, "do you persist in your course, or will you tell us that you are innocent?"

"I am innocent!" said Mr. Martin. "You have guessed the situation. I know nothing whatever about the making of the check. Mr. Dunn gave it to me and I was astounded when he repudiated it. But how does this avail? We cannot prove it"

"You do not know. If it is the truth, it should be provable."

"But even so, how can I consent to have my sweetheart's name dragged in the mire?"

"If you will not agree on any other terms," said Miss Dunn, demurely, "we might change my name—to yours, for example. But suppose I tell you that Dunn is not really my name?"

"What?" cried both men at once.

"The facts are very simple and explain Mr. Dunn's conduct," said the girl. "I am legally his daughter, but only by adoption. My father years ago was Mr. Dunn's partner and best friend. He died leaving me an orphan, and leaving, also, a comfortable fortune, which should be mine at the age of twenty-one, or when I should marry. You see, my father never meant any one to control me in that respect. Mr. Dunn was the

executor and my guardian. I was only a little tot, and after two years, adoption papers were legally drawn up. Now, don't you see —”

“Of course we do,” interrupted Mr. Mitchel. “Dunn has your fortune tangled up, if he has it at all. He was not anxious to have you marry soon, and ask for an accounting. Therefore, he took advantage of your trip to Europe, and during your absence tried, as you have said, to ‘railroad’ your sweetheart. The next step will be to prove this young man’s innocence.”

“I fear you are too late, good friends,” said Mr. Martin. “I am to be sentenced to-morrow.”

“We shall see,” said Mr. Mitchel. “We will be present in court. And, now, good-by, I have no time to lose. You may remain a little longer, if you wish, Miss Dunn. I will leave the cab at the door for you and take another.” Without giving her a chance to object, he hurried away.

Mr. Mitchel in his own mind already had an idea of how it might be possible to save young Martin, and he spent the rest of the day working in his behalf, conjointly with Mr. Merivale, the attorney. First they called upon the judge, explained the situation to him and obtained from him an order which would enable them to see the checks which had figured in the case; they also made an appointment for an interview with him during the evening. Next, they sought the District Attorney, and having told their story, that gentleman readily consented to be present at the meeting in the evening and to bring with him the same handwriting experts who had testified at the trial.

Thus it happened that this party of gentlemen assembled at the home of Judge Chisholm, on the evening before the day appointed for the sentencing of young Martin.

“Well, gentlemen,” said the judge, “we are all here, so let us get to work. I must admit I am intensely curious to know how this gentleman expects to prove Martin’s innocence, and as I am informed, through the very handwriting experts whose testimony so convincingly satisfied us all of his guilt. The situation is most extraordinary.”

“And yet I consider it quite simple,” said Mr. Mitchel. “May I have your close attention? I have separately related to all of you the rather tardy explanation given by young Martin. But considering that his case appeared hopeless, his story being sufficiently unusual to be incredible, we can all

see how he felt it best to keep silent to save the name of his sweetheart. Now, the question is, can we corroborate his story? In brief, it is that the check was given to him by Mr. Dunn. Dunn, of course, denies this, and declares the check to have been a forgery. The interesting development then comes out, through these gentlemen, the handwriting experts, that the check is indeed a forgery, being, moreover, a tracing from a similar genuine check, which had passed through Mr. Martin’s hands. One of the experts applied chemicals with which he removed the ink and revealed the lead pencil tracings beneath. I have asked him to come to-night prepared to repeat this experiment.”

“I am ready to do so,” said one of the experts.

“In a few moments. This brings out a peculiar situation. The experts proved unquestionably that the repudiated check was traced from one previously in existence. This has been made to serve as evidence not only of forgery, but of forgery by Mr. Martin.”

“Of course,” interrupted the judge, “the evidence of the experts only acted corroboratively of the theory of the prosecution. On their testimony that the check was a tracing no particular person could have been found guilty of making the forged check. But, in connection with the proved presentation of the check by Martin, together with the repudiation of it by Dunn, and all this added to the lack of defense on the part of the accused, the expert testimony unquestionably and rightfully regulated the verdict against the prisoner.”

“Exactly. But now that a defense is offered, let us sift our evidence once more. We find then that the only actual proof present is that offered by these gentlemen, that the disputed check is a tracing from a genuine one. And it is this which will save Mr. Martin. Every other point made by the prosecution is now in dispute, and the final judgment must depend on whether Martin or Dunn traced that check.”

“I fail to see how you can solve that knotty point,” interposed the District Attorney.

“Please follow my argument and we shall see,” said Mr. Mitchel. “First, let us inquire as to the opportunity which each man had to accomplish this. We learn that the original, the undisputed check was made a month before the other. The time will be important. It was sent to the bank by Mar-

tin, and was accepted and cashed. The genuine check then was in Martin's possession for less than an hour, on a day a month prior to his arrest. If he made the false check he must have done it on that day and during that hour."

"He may have had access to it since then," said the District Attorney.

"Impossible. The genuine check was in the possession of the bank from the time it was cashed until the very morning of the day on which the alleged forgery was presented, when it was returned to Mr. Dunn personally, shortly after the opening of the bank. Martin during that morning was attending to a commission out of town, and as soon as he reached the office, at two-thirty, to be exact, he was sent to the bank with the forged check, reaching there as they were closing. Thus at best he had but about ten minutes in which to discover a check, which had been only that morning returned from the bank, make a tracing from it and present it at the bank. That is to say, this must have occurred between two-thirty when he reached the office and the time when he arrived at the bank. Moreover, he must have been able to return the genuine check, since it was furnished to the prosecution by Mr. Dunn."

"Very well argued," said the judge. "I think it is clear that if Martin forged the check he must have done so when the genuine check was legitimately in his possession. How does that help you?"

"I think it will clear our man," said Mr. Mitchel. "Examine the genuine check, if you please. You observe that the bank has stamped the word 'Paid' on the check. This has been done with a punch which has cut out round holes that serve to make up the letters. If the experts will look closely on the face of the check they will observe that in a number of places these holes cut the writing. Am I correct?"

"Quite correct."

"Very good. Now, if Mr. Dunn made the false check, using this as his model, he made the tracing after it was returned to him from the bank, and, consequently, when these holes existed. Now, the experiment which I suggest is this: Apply the chemicals necessary and remove the ink entirely from

the words 'Five thousand dollars.' Leave the signature for the present. It may prove useful at the next trial, when our experiment may be repeated before another jury."

"You seem certain of success," said the judge, smiling.

"We are dealing with an upright judge, sir," said Mr. Mitchel, and both men bowed.

Meanwhile the expert was at work, and in a few minutes declared that the ink had been removed.

"Do you find that the pencil tracing is continuous?" asked Mr. Mitchel. "That is, are the words written uninterruptedly?"

"No. There are five places where breaks occur."

"Now, please, will you superimpose one check over the other, and tell me whether or not the breaks in the pencil writing do not exactly agree with holes in the genuine check?"

"They do exactly," was the report of both experts.

"That proves, your honor," said Mr. Mitchel, "that the spurious check was traced from the genuine one after it had been cashed by the bank. After it had left Mr. Martin's possession. Since that time, you previously admitted that Martin could not have done it."

The District Attorney closely scrutinized the checks, and then handed them to the judge, who also made a thorough examination.

"You have made your point, Mr. Mitchel," said the judge, finally. "Your man is innocent."

"Then you will grant an application tomorrow for a new trial?"

"Certainly. Will you object?" said the judge, turning to the District Attorney.

"Not at all," said that gentleman. "On the contrary, I would suggest that Dunn be arrested to-night."

"By all means have that done," assented the judge.

But when the officers visited Dunn's house and attempted to arrest him, he deliberately shot himself through the head. Later, it was found, as Mr. Mitchel had suggested, that most of Miss Dunn's fortune had disappeared.



Poser photo.

Maude Adams.

A Characteristic Portrait.

TOPICS OF THE THEATRE

A DISTINGUISHED alienist has said that most successful men as they grow old become altruistic. The passion to shed their wealth that possesses many of our multi-millionaires seems to be at fever heat. Some may consider it a phenomenon of our wonderful day. Yet the higher charity has been practiced in other times; only, never before, perhaps, have such enormous individual riches been so suddenly accumulated. Mr. Rockefeller's object to endow an institute for medical research is doubtless the noblest idea of the new American philanthropy. Mr. Carnegie's charities have been the most spectacular, partly because it seems to be his aim to have a monument to his name in every town or city that will accept one, and partly because Mr. Carnegie is prodigal of private opinions publicly expressed. The latter habit is no mean charity; it is a constant fertilizer to the editorial

mind of the country. Hardly any utterance of the ironmaster has evoked such heated discussion as the suggestion that an international endowed theatre would be a good thing, and an enterprise that, if modelled properly, might be sure of his assistance. Having said so much Mr. Carnegie sailed contentedly away, while all people interested in the theatre at once leaped at the tempting, juicy bone he had thrown out to them. They are wrangling and snarling over it still.

Your purely practical critic avers that the American stage is to-day flourishing and healthy as it never was before. He will tell you that the managers of to-day are straight men of business, punctual in their dealings. He may sometimes give you to understand that in the so-called "palmy days," the strict business man in theatricals was a rarity. He will point out that formerly ac-

tors never received the comfortable salaries they get now, and that stage people of today, socially considered, have risen in public esteem. The practical critic will inform you also of the rich upholstery and lavish settings furnished to our plays; that, in the main (he never forgets the qualitative in this instance), all the plays on our stage are morally without reproach. Then, managers in general are making much more money now than they made in the old days, which



Blanche Bates.
Starring as CIGARETTE, in "Under Two
Flags."

Goodwin as *Shylock*; and is there not promise of Maude Adams and Sarah Bernhardt in "Romeo and Juliet," Mrs. Le Moyne as *Lady Macbeth*, Sothorn as *Benedick*, Gillette as *Hamlet*, and James K. Hackett and Mary Mannering in "The Taming of the Shrew"? Without question, the practical critic concludes, we have the best of theatres in this best of governments.

What does the idealist critic say to all this? He retorts in stilled rage: "It isn't so." Then they go at it hammer and tongs,

as they have always done, and will continue to do. Both are right and both are wrong, and each retires convinced of victory, as is



Schloss photo.

Blanche Walsh.

Who will star in Crockett's "Joan of the Sword Hand," dramatized by Jeanette L. Gilder.

the result in nearly all arguments except those debated with five-ounce gloves.

Whether the time is ripe for an endowed theatre in this country must be decided largely on this pivot: Have we a man capable of directing such a theatre? When the responsibility of the post is seriously weighed, one cannot but feel that the incumbent should have the stage genius of Molière and the business ability of Charles Frohman. If there were any way of securing Molière, Mr. Carnegie's famed talent for picking brilliant business men might stand him in good stead. Finding a substitute for Molière is a task that we will be bold enough to consider done. Let us imagine that the endowed American theatre is about to be built, that plans have been suggested, but are hung in the balance until a suitable site has been chosen.

In which city should such a theatre be built? Why, in New York, of course. Please don't go so fast. New York unquestionably is the clearing house of drama for the United States. A production setting out on the road with the magic line, "300 nights



Thorpe photo.

Elsie Esmond.

Playing in one of the Arizona Companies.



Larrimer photo.

Francis Jones.

Appearing in "A Wise Woman."



Morrison photo.

Eugenie Blair.

Starring in "A Lady of Quality."



Rose photo.

John B. Mason.

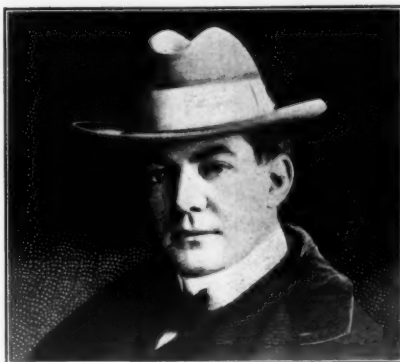
Now playing in Frawley's Stock Company at San Francisco.

in New York" on the posters is bound to make money. The indorsement is so infallible that sometimes it finds its way to posters by curious mathematical processes unguessed of in the minds of the laity. Now, the fact is, though it will be instantly denied, that the run of New York audiences is as limited in taste as are the inhabitants of a remote village. To go to the theatre in a

smaller city where people are thriftier and live at a low nervous pressure is an intellectual entertainment. I know a manager that toured the Far West and the Pacific slope last season with a farce comedy. He brought his company back by uneasy stages through the loans he sweated to obtain.

"The trouble was," he explained, hopelessly, "that the people out there want nothing but Shakespeare or straight drama."

In New York, on the contrary, people go to the theatre with the single object of amusement. The man or woman that has worked hard, whether at three, five, ten or fifty dollars per day, wants to laugh heartily after the heavy dinner that has been eaten hurriedly; or he craves the soothing effect produced by a nice sweet play in which everything ends right, just as in a novel by Bertha M. Clay. An Ibsen play acts as a positive irritant on a dinner of which roast duck has been the most digestible dish. A poetic tragedy makes the heavy diner feel as though in a spell of folly he had drunk four



Rockwood photo.

Ralph Stuart.

Leading man of the American Theatre Stock Company, who will star next season in "Kit Carson," by Franklin Fyles.

transients in New York, who support the town's theatres liberally, come hungering for a good time. To ask them to take the theatre seriously would be like leading them to a fire sale in green goods. If by some magic all New York theatres could be raised to the heights in which the idealist critic breathes, the effect might be similar to that observed when New York was a close town. People would cease to come here, and merchants and traffickers in general would howl at the business depression.

It may be advanced that in New York the classes not well-to-do patronize the theatre as an intellectual entertainment. This is open to question. If you study the programmes of the band concerts in Central

Park you will notice a preponderance of sweetmeat compositions of the most popular type. In Prospect Park, Brooklyn, classical music is demanded by the people. No one, of course, except a denizen, will suggest that the American endowed theatre be located in Brooklyn. It would be too hard to



Marceau photo.

Senor La Presa, Impersonator.

find it. By a stretch of imagination, New York may be compared to a man just out of college, having plenty of money, although obliged to spend seven toilsome hours each day in his father's office. He has two ambitions: To make money and to enjoy life. The theatre, as it is to-day, is a fruitful source of this enjoyment. When it ceases to be that he will avoid it. A theatre conducted on the lines of the idealist critic he would frequent as often as he visits the Lenox Library.

If not in New York, where should the national theatre be built? Why not in Washington? There are many reasons against this proposal. There are also many in favor of it. New York has a mean opinion of the federal



Elsie de Wolfe.

Sarony photo.

Who will star next season in Clyde Fitch's comedy, "The Way of the World."



Burr McIntosh photo.

James K. Hackett.

Who will star next season in "Don Cesar's Return."

city, which does not even include the mean opinion Washington has of New York. Yet Washington, of all cities, has at once the most comprehensively American and the most comprehensively foreign of populations. All things considered, New York seems to be too young yet to shoulder the responsibility of an endowed international theatre. For no matter how scrupulously the endowment might cover deficits, the theatre could not get along without audiences.

Meanwhile the idealist critic has an enduring satisfaction in this, that though he cannot see much of Ibsen, Sudermann, d'Annunzio, George Bernard Shaw and others, on the stage, he can always enjoy their plays in book form. The plays of Mr. Shaw make excellent reading almost always, and his prefaces, without extra charge, are held by some to be much more readable than the plays.

In "Three Plays for Puritans," Mr. Shaw explains why he writes prefaces in his characteristic way, because, as he might say of himself, he has no other.

"Again, they tell me that So-and-So, who does not write prefaces, is no charlatan. Well, I am. I first caught the ear of the British public on a cart in Hyde Park, to the blaring of brass bands, and this not at all as a reluctant sacrifice of my instinct of political necessity, but because, like all dramatists and mimes of genuine vocation, I am a natural-born mountebank. I am well aware that the ordinary British citizen requires a profession of shame from all mountebanks by way of homage

to the sanctity of the ignoble private life to which he is condemned by his incapacity for public life. Thus Shakespear, after proclaiming that not marble nor the gilded monuments of princes should outlive his powerful rhyme, would apologize, in the approved taste, for making himself a motley to the view; and the British citizen has ever since quoted the apology and ignored the fanfare. When an actress writes her memoirs, she impresses on you in every chapter how cruelly it tried her feelings to exhibit her person to the public gaze; but she does not forget to decorate the book with a dozen portraits of herself. I really cannot respond to this demand for mock modesty. I am ashamed neither of my work nor of the way it is done. I like explaining its merits to the huge majority who don't know good work from bad. It does them good; and it does me good, curing me of nervousness, laziness and snobbishness. I write prefaces as Dryden did, and treatises as Wagner, because I can; and I would give half a dozen of Shakespear's plays for one of the pre-



Minor photo.

The Late James A. Herne.

His last character, CAPT. DAN MARBLE, in "Sag Harbor."

faces he ought to have written. I leave the delicacies of retirement to those who are gentlemen first and literary workmen afterwards. The cart and trumpet for me."

Again, Mr. Shaw takes a whole-souled pleasure in showing himself up:

"But the stage tricks of 'The Devil's Disciple' are not, like some of those of 'Arms and the Man,' the forgotten ones of the sixties, but the hackneyed ones of our own time. Why, then, were they not recognized? Partly, no doubt, because of my

trumpet and cartwheel declamation. The critics were the victims of the long course of hypnotic suggestion by which G. B. S., the journalist, manufactured an unconventional reputation for Bernard Shaw, the author. In England as elsewhere the spontaneous recognition of really original work begins with a mere handful of people, and propagates itself so slowly that it has become a commonplace to say that genius, demanding bread, is given a stone after its possessor's death. The remedy for this is sedulous advertisement. Accordingly, I have advertised myself so well that I find myself, while still in middle life, almost as legendary a person as the Flying Dutchman. Critics, like other people, see what they look for, not what is actually before them. In my plays they look for my legendary qualities, and find originality and brilliancy in my most hackneyed claptraps. Were I to republish Buckstone's 'Wreck Ashore' as my latest comedy, it would be hailed as a masterpiece of perverse paradox and scintillating satire."